

NELLIE BELTON'S RUSE.

She Cures Her Father of His Imaginary Diseases.

"Hush, hush, Nelly!" said Mrs. Belton, holding up a warning finger, as her daughter sprang up the steps with a gay laugh. "Your father is suffering very much this afternoon, and is trying to sleep. He is in the sitting-room on the lounge, where I made him go, as it is much cooler there."

"What's the matter now?" said Nelly, with her pretty face curiously unchanged by the news of her father's indisposition.

"Oh, just one of his nervous spells! And I think he said he had a headache, too. I broiled him a bird, and he seemed to relish that, and drank some buttermilk of the morning's churning."

"Well, then, if he can eat and enjoy buttermilk," remarked the girl with a short laugh, "he is not so very bad off. Be honest, now, mother; do you believe much in father's ailments? No, no; don't you frown, but tell me the truth! Aren't his appetite and looks too good for there to be much the matter with him? I declare I have caught Dr. Lester smiling broadly several times when he has been here to see father, and it was all he could do to keep from laughing right in his face."

Mrs. Belton's kindly face wore a half-amused, half-frightened expression as she listened to her daughter, but she answered, demurely:

"How can you talk so, Nelly? Of course, your father is ill, or why should he feign to be so?"

"He likes petting and coddling just like a baby; and, mother, I really believe you know it is mainly his imagination that is at work, but you have got in the habit of waiting on him and humoring his fancies until you do it as a matter of course. Now own up. Do you believe in his sickness to-day?"

The mother evaded the clear, truth-compelling eyes turned up to her own, but she laughed and whispered back: "Well, he did eat about six biscuits with that bird and drink three glasses of buttermilk and dispose of nearly a third of a glass of my strawberry preserves."

Nelly caught her mother in her arms with a shout of delight. "Bravo! bravo! You have owned it, and that is half the battle. Mother, I know in the bottom of your heart, tender and kind as it is, you are tired of father's morbid fancies, and of ministering to his imaginary ailments. And it is time something was done to arouse him or he will become a confirmed hypochondriac, for he is nearly that now. I believe I could break him."

"No, you couldn't, child. I used to try and get him to shake off his despondency and not to think so much of his little aches and pains, but I only got called unfeeling for my exertions."

"Well, I would approach him differently. Listen, mother, I have a plan."

And the two heads, one still brown and handsome in spite of the fine lines of silver over the temples and the other a bright chestnut, drew close together, and in the golden sunshine of the beautiful September day a dark plot was formed, and when Rob Harper came strolling in with the most purposeless air that ever conceived a purpose the same was imparted to him under seal of secrecy. Then when Nelly chanced to walk as far as the turn of the road as Rob took his way home, the doctor, driving past, was halted and made a partner likewise in the mysterious business.

The afternoon slipped away and the day had given place to the purple twilight when Miriam Belton awoke from his pleasant nap and stretched out his hand for the pitcher of ice water usually placed right by his side on such occasions by his devoted wife, but this time he felt in vain. He pressed his hand on his forehead and groaned twice, thrice, very heavily, but there was no one who came tip-toeing into the room to bend over him and beg to know what could be done. His groans grew louder and more alarming, and still they produced no effect, so presently the invalid raised himself slowly, and, advancing to the door, called faintly: "Barbara!" returning to his couch at once. No Barbara answered, but in a few minutes Nelly came nonchalantly singing into the room.

"That you, father?" she said, carelessly. "Have you taken a lazy spell, too?"

A groan was the reply, which brought her: "Drank too much buttermilk, I did, myself, and I tell you it's a pain."

"Your mother?" put in the invalid, glaring at his daughter. "She had a headache her go, for there was really

no reason for her keeping up if she felt indisposed."
"No reason!" snorted Mr. Belton. "And me as ill as I am! I wonder who she thinks is going to nurse me? But it is like a woman to give up to the slightest ache or pain and just when they are needed most."

"Oh, you will be all right in an hour or two! Father, if you don't mind I'll go to prayer-meeting with Rob Harper. By the way, mother said you'd please get the churn ready for her, and here's the key to the dairy."

She was gone before the irate parent could frame the cutting speech he had in mind, in which he mingled a serpent tooth, an ungrateful child, his wife's unaccountable and preposterous failure to perform her wifely duties, and the heartless madness of expecting him to rise from a couch of pain and illness to set a churn. He lay and pondered the thing over. They were evidently growing incredulous on the subject of his ailments and needed a lesson, a severe one, to bring them back to their allegiance. In the meanwhile Nelly, leaning on her lover's arm, confided to him that: "Father always fell ill so opportunely, and recovered with such surprising readiness whenever he found that illness was inconvenient." They both laughed, but a quick remorse smote the girl when on their return they saw lights glancing about the house, heard a man-servant on a horse go tearing after the doctor, and Mrs. Belton met them with:

"Oh, Nelly, your father is dying, dying! It is a judgment on us for our wicked doubting of him this afternoon. Oh, I can never, never forgive myself!"

But when Nelly, followed by Rob, entered the darkened room where her father lay the color came back to her cheeks, and her eyes lost their look of horror, for with singular blundering Rob picked up the shaded lamp, and, turning the wick to its greatest height, let the bright stream of light fall right on the sufferer's face, so that his daughter saw that the dying man's countenance was still very healthily tinted.

"Oh, oh, oh!" groaned Mr. Belton. "Turn that lamp down! Is that you, Nelly, daughter? Well, kiss your poor father and tell him good-by. Oh, oh!"

"Here, you are going to faint, Miss Nelly. Go out in the fresh air at once," said Rob, and as the door closed on the girl he turned to Mr. Belton with: "Poor girl! And she to be married so soon to Joe Banner! Your death will put her wedding off, won't it?"

"What?" yelled Mr. Belton, forgetting to groan and sitting up in bed. "Joe Banner! Not if I have to kill him!"

The Banners and Beltons hated each other as only people in small places and over small matters have time to. "Has such a thing been going on behind my back?" "I'll—I'll—"

"Oh, don't, dear!" interposed poor Mrs. Belton. "You will injure yourself. Lie quiet till the doctor comes. I am sure Rob is mistaken about Joe Banner. Why, Nelly never speaks to him, and, besides, she and Rob are—"

"Here's the doctor," exclaimed Rob, rushing to open the door and cutting Mrs. Belton short in her explanation. Dr. Lester came in looking suspiciously grave, for there was a very inconsistent twinkle in his eyes. He felt Mr. Belton's pulse and looked graver still, while the twinkle fairly set his eyes to dancing, and then with a certain reluctance in his voice said:

"I must not conceal from you, my dear sir, that you are suffering from cerebro-spinal meningitis combined with anemia of the medulla oblongata. How is it you never consulted me before? Didn't I suspect it?"

"No-o," said the patient, looking scared and white. "Doctor—will—it—it—be fatal?"

The doctor turned first and requested Mrs. Belton and Rob to leave the room, which they did, when he addressed himself to the sick man: "I feel it my duty to tell you the truth. You haven't one hour to live!"

"Oh, oh, oh! Save me, doctor! I'll give you five hundred dollars to do it—a thousand dollars—my whole place—anything—only save me!"

"Can't do it," said the doctor, shaking his head. "Face it like a man, Belton. Don't trouble about your wife and family. Mary's married. Nelly could be to-morrow, and as for Mrs. Belton, Markie, the widow, said yesterday she was the handsomest woman still in the county, and that if she was only rid of you she'd ask her the day after the funeral."

"What?" shrieked the dying man, flinging himself out of bed, and dancing over the floor as if it were red-hot. "To Jericho with my cerebro-spitting whatever you call it and my oblong medal! Die! No, I'll not die, not for a hundred years! You make tracks, Dr. Lester, this minute! I'm tired of your bread pills. Yes, they were bread, and I knew it all along. The idea of a man's wife and daughter planning, aye, building on his death, and proposing before the breath's out of his body to dance over his grave!"

Here Mr. Belton grew a little mixed in his language, but he knew what he meant, and that was all that was necessary. It was hours before he could be got to quiet down, and days before he ceased to growl inarticulate and mysterious threats directed against no one could quite gather whom. But from that time on Mr. Belton has never complained of an ache or pain, and fiercely disclaims feeling even under the weather, whenever informed that he looks so. —Philadelphia Times.

She Knows the Difference.
The Boston papers continue to report anecdotes which show that the children of the city are not likely soon to lose their reputation for superior taste and intelligence.

A four-year-old girl created a laugh the other night in one of the public parks. The band did not arrive so promptly as expected, and she began to fear that it would not come at all. "Never mind," said her father, consolingly, "if it doesn't come I'll sing you a song."

"I don't want you to sing," persisted the discriminating child, "I want some music." —Boston Transcript.

Biblical Information.
Funny Boarder—Please pass the Samson.

Landlady—The what?
Funny Boarder—The Samson—hair and strength, you know, were his characteristics.

Landlady—Mr. Goff, if you want anything else except the butter, say so and you can have it—but we can't trust even a metaphorical Samson near your jawbone—it would be too great a temptation—you've read the story? —Brooklyn Life.

The Gall in His Cap.
"Yes, sir; every heart knoweth its own bitterness." There's Gottloft, who just passed us; did you notice his melancholy look?"

"I did. Has he some great grief?"
"He has. He bought on the installment plan a handsome present for the lady to whom he was engaged. She jilted him a week ago, and he has still two installments to pay on the present. If that isn't a great grief I don't know what is." —N. Y. Press.

Surety.
"I do not doubt you," she slowly said, "but I think it would be better, to prove that you're in earnest now, to propose to me by letter."

Not a Happy Home.
Little Johnny Fizzlepop was punished because he had punched the baby in the stomach.

"Well, that beats all. If I am not allowed any privileges in this house I don't care a cuss for family life," replied the aggrieved youth; "I'll go west and have some fun killing Indians." —Texas Siftings.

Very Strict.
Little Girl—My mamma is awful strict. Is yours?
Little Boy—Orful.

"But she lets you go anywhere you want to, and—"
"Oh, she ain't strict with me."
"Then who is she strict with?"
"Pap." —Good News.

The Name Sulted.
"That chicken," remarked the boarding-house keeper, as she beamed on the table, "is of the Plymouth Rock variety."

"No wonder it is hard to currie, then," replied the star boarder, who was endeavoring to dismember it. —Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Incog.
Mrs. Banbox—I understand the prince of Wales was on our train from London to Paris.

Mr. Lapsusling—I didn't see him to know him. I guess he must have been traveling impromptu. —Detroit Free Press.

"CATCHING THE DOWN TRAIN."



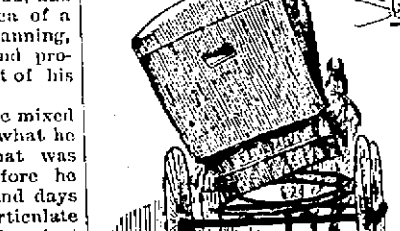
A Hopeless Search.
Little Dot (gazing out of the window)—I've stood here and watched, and watched over an' over again, and I never saw a letter go over these telegraph wires yet.

Little Dick—No, an' you never will, goosey. Those is 'lectric light wires. —Good News.

Not a Sign of Promise.
"Is Miss Winterbloom in?"
"No, sir. She told me to say that she waited for you until half-past four."

"But I told her expressly I wouldn't be here until five!"
"Yes, sir. So I heard her say." —Life.

CAN YOU TELL?



Was she stout—or was he affectionate? —Puck.

An Embarrassing Mistake.
Jack—Chumpley made a curious mistake. He asked Ethel to forgive him for not calling offener, and she said: "Certainly." Then he asked her to marry him and she said: "Do."

Harry—By which she meant ditto?
Jack—So Chumpley thought, but it seems that she had a cold in her head. —N. Y. Herald.

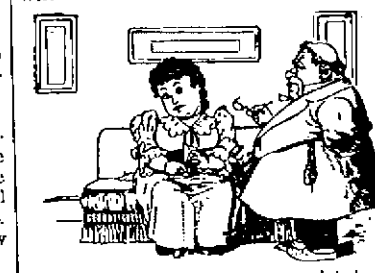
LOVE LAUGHS AT ALL.



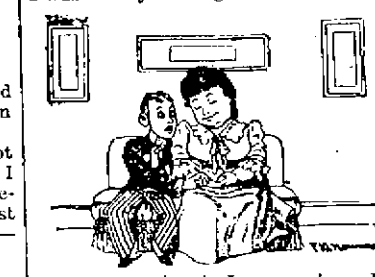
Young Bertie—Oh, darling! here comes your papa, and he has forbidden me the house.



"Just sit still for a moment and all will be well."



"Oh, no, papa; you are mistaken. You did not hear me talking to anyone. I was merely reading aloud to myself."



Young Bertie—As I was saying, darling, would that we could go through life together—you under my protecting care," etc., etc., etc.—Judge.

Practical Advice.
An Irishman and an Italian were before a justice for being drunk, and the Irishman pleaded guilty. The Italian, not knowing the "ropes" so well, appealed to the Irishman for advice.

"It's thish way, Dante," said Mike. "Af yez soy yez was drunk, that will ind it to want; but af yez soy to the contrary, they will argy and argy and make yez out a drunk amny way, so yez had better confass and be done with it."

Dante confessed. —Detroit Free Press.

Too Sensitive.
Mrs. Yerger was happy in the thought of having secured a reliable servant. This delusion only lasted a very short time—one day, in fact.

Mrs. Yerger—As I do my own marketing I shall expect you to accompany me to the market.

Bridget—Thim, mum, we had better siver our connection at wanst. I never allow myself to be seen on the strate wid anybody who carries a market basket. —Texas Siftings.

The Domestic Compromise.
"Gus de Smith, I'm having a wretched time with my wife. We wrangle fearfully, and she's so wordy that she overwelms me every time," said Gilhooly, recently.

"Well, Gilhooly, these little pleasantries are not to be avoided, it seems. My wife and I have reduced them to science. She demands but two words and I good-naturedly let her have them. It's a small concession, you see."

"I should think it was. I envy you, Gus, 'pon my soul, I do. Oh, by the way, what are the two words?"

"The first and last." —Texas Siftings.

Full of Business.

"What's the matter with you two fellows?" said a patrolman to two tramps. "Why don't you wash yourselves?"

"We're too busy," explained one. "Busy at what?"

"Scourin' the country," said the other, with a broad grin. —Cleveland Voice.

Gladsome Times.
"Four times in my life I have been glad that I lived."

"Only four?"

"Yes; once when I was married and the other three times when I got my divorce." —Judge.

Counseling.
Simmons was in the act of getting a big jag aboard when an acquaintance hailed him with "Hello! what's up? This is something new for you."

"My wife says baby (hie) looks jes like me (hie)," with a joyful grin.

"Oh, well, don't take it so hard; she may be mistaken." —Lima Times.

The Acme of Realism.
Playwright—Is her acting natural? Manager (enthusiastically)—Natural? Why, when she appeared as the dying mother, last night, a life insurance agent who has her insured for \$30,000, and who was in the audience, actually fainted. —Jury.

Naught Never Comes to Grief.
Hobson—I'm tired of life, you see, and yet if I blow out my brains, don't you know, the world would condemn me as a suicide.

Dobson—No; I believe the general verdict would be justifiable homicide. —Epoch.

He Knows Better.
Mrs. Stimple—That poor little senger boy has caught a bad cold.

Mr. Stimple—Don't you boys con-

THE ANIMAL HUNT.

Christmas Time has an Added Charm for Southern Boys.
We used to have hunts on Saturdays, just we boys, with perhaps a Jack boy or two of our particular cronies; but the great hunt was "in the holidays"—that is, about Christmas. Then all the young darlings about the place were free and ready for sport.

This Christmas hunt was an event. It was the year 1860, and Christmas day falling on a Sunday, Saturday was given as the first day of the holidays. It had been a fine fall; the cover was good, and old hares were plentiful. It had been determined some time before Christmas that we would have a big hare-hunt on that day, and the "boys"—that is, the young darlings—came to the house from the quarters, prepared, and by the time breakfast was over they were waiting for us around the kitchen door. Breakfast was always late about Christmas time; perhaps the sparrows and sausage, and the jelly, dripping through a blanket hung over the legs of an upturned table, generated for it; and on this Christmas eve it was ten by the tall clock in the corner of the dining-room before we were through. When we came out, the merry darlings were waiting for us around the kitchen door, grinning and showing their shining teeth, and laughing and shouting, and calling the dogs. They were not allowed to have guns; but our guns, long old single barrels handed down for at least two generations, had been carried out and cleaned, and they were handing them around, inspecting and aiming them with as much pride as if they had been brand new. There was only one exception to this rule: Uncle Limpy Jack, so called because he had one leg shorter than the other, was allowed to have a gun. He was a set of professional hunter about the plan. No lord was ever prouder of a special privilege handed down in his family for generations.

The other fellows were armed with stout sticks and made much noise. Uncle Limpy-Jack was, as stated, the only exception; he was grave as became a "man" who was a hunter's business, and "warn't arter no foolishness." He allowed no one to touch his gun, which thus possessed a special value. He carried his powder in a gourd and his shot in an old rag. The pack of dogs I have described, fully recruited, were hanging around the kitchen and being kicked out by Aunt Betty and her corps of valets, assistants, largely augmented at the approach of Christmas and its cheer. The yelping of the mongrel pack, the shouts and whoops of the boys, and the laughter of the maids or men about the kitchen or backyard, all in their best clothes and in high spirits, were exhilarating, and with many whoops and much "hollering" we climbed the yard fence, and disdaining a road, of course, set out down the hill across the field, taking long strides, each one bragging loudly what he would do.

\$100 Reward \$100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is a least one dread disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution. It is a safe, speedy cure. The proprietors have no other faith in its cures, and they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

You can't prove anything about a physician's smoking habits by the number of cigarette cases he has on hand.—Elmira Gazette.

All Sorts and Conditions of Men.
No matter how widely at variance on other points concede to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters sovereign potency in cases of malaria. This is the universal testimony from all classes and climes, and few are so reluctant to acknowledge and agree as invariably succumb to it. So do dyspepsia, a gripe, constipation, biliousness, rheumatism and kidney trouble. Emigrants to and sojourners in malarious regions should provide themselves with this genial means of protection.

Tommy—"Look out for that cow!" Willie (from the city).—"Why, is she going to blow her horn?" —Chicago Tribune.

"Liz has been a burden to me for the past six years on account of great suffering from very severe and frequent headaches. Bradygating has done wonders for me. I am now a new man and feel as if I could reach my old home and work as hard as I please." —George H. Fowler, Attorney at Law, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Voted bigger than I am," remarked the hunchback to the lump of coal; "what I think I can do you up in grate shape."

"I've been occasionally troubled with Coughs and in each case have used Brown's Bronchus Trochurs, which have never failed, and I must say they are second to none in this world." —Felix A. May, Cashier, St. Paul, Minn.

A STRAIGHT MAN can always get a pull by going to the dentist's office.—Binghamton Republican.

Reckless Pills will cure wind and pain in the stomach, indigestion, fullness, flatulency, dizziness, chills and loss of appetite.

A Stamp You Can't Buy.—The stamp of a gentleman.—Once a Week.

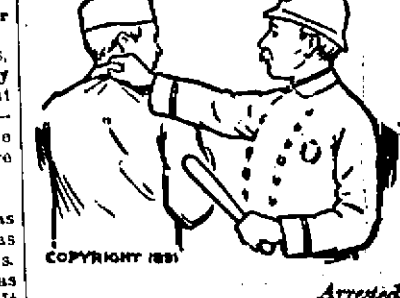
If you want to be cured of a cough use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND."

"MOTHERS' FRIEND" is a scientific ally prepared Liniment, every ingredient of recognized value and in constant use by the medical profession. These ingredients are combined in a manner hitherto unknown.

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WILL DO ALL that is claimed for it AND MORE. It Shortens Labor, Lessens Pain, Diminishes Danger.



Arrested—the progress of Consumption. In all its earlier stages, it can be cured. It's a scrofulous affection of the lungs—a blood taint—and, as in every other form of scrofula, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a certain remedy. But it must be taken in time—and now is the time to take it.

It purifies the blood—that's the secret. Nothing else acts like it. It's the most potent strength-restorer, blood-cleanser, and flesh-builder known to medical science. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, and all lingering Coughs, it's a remedy that's guaranteed, in every case, to benefit or cure.

If it doesn't, the money is returned.

In other words, it's sold on trial. No other medicine of its kind is. And that proves that nothing else is "just as good" as the "Discovery."

The dealer is thinking of his profit, not of yours, when he urges something else.

"German Syrup"

Boschee's German Syrup is more successful in the treatment of Consumption than any other remedy prescribed. It has been tried under every variety of climate. In the bleak, bitter North, in damp New England, in the fickle Middle States, in the hot, moist South—everywhere. It has been in demand by every nationality. It has been employed in every stage of Consumption. In brief it has been used by millions and its only true and reliable Consumption Remedy. ©

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WISCONSIN STATE NEWS.

Is There Fraud in Bounties?

The books of the secretary of state have some interesting figures in connection with the amount of bounties paid for wolves, wildcats and other wild animals in this state annually. The bounties paid for 1891 make a total of \$8,291. There are many people around the state capital who believe there is considerable fraud connected with the payment of bounties, and that the laws providing for them ought to be abolished. The state officers have no means of determining whether a bounty is honestly paid or not, they being required by statute to pay bounty in all these cases where proper application is made.

The Next State Fair.

The State Agricultural society held its annual meeting in Madison and superintendents of various departments for the next annual fair of the society were appointed. The executive committee decided to limit the premiums for the next state fair to the following amounts: Horses, \$3,250; cattle, \$3,350; sheep, \$900; swine, \$970; poultry, \$500; agriculture, \$6,000; dairy, \$900; horticulture, \$750; manufactures, \$475; fine arts, \$500, and women's work, \$600.

Children Instantly Killed.

Two children, a son of Nels Erickson and a daughter of C. D. Pearlston, aged about 9 years, were killed by a passenger train on the Green Bay, Wisconsin & St. Paul railway near Tremont. They were playing with a sled behind a house and ran out upon the track right in front of the train. Both were instantly killed and their little bodies were terribly mutilated. No blame was attached to the trainmen.

Wisconsin Horticulturalists.

At the meeting in Madison of the State Horticultural society the following officers were elected: President, M. A. Thayer, of Sparta; vice president, L. J. Kellogg, of Ripon; secretary, R. S. Hoxie, of Evansville; treasurer, Mrs. V. H. Campbell, of Evansville; corresponding secretary, Carl H. Potter, of Madison.

Made Happy in Madison.

A handsome and stylish young couple appeared before Municipal Judge Keyes, in Madison, and asked to be married. They gave the names of E. W. Weddell, aged 19, and Gustie S. Dahler, aged 16, both of Sublette, Ill. Their wish was gratified and they departed happy. It was obviously a runaway in high life.

Died for Love.

Miss Minnie Sanford, aged 28 years, fatally shot herself at her home near Viola because of disappointment in a love affair. She was rational up to the time of her death and requested that she be buried in a shroud and that the text of her funeral sermon should be: "In my father's house are many mansions."

Eighteen Miles on an Ice Cake.

The seven fishermen who drifted out from Sturgeon Bay on an ice-floe were rescued after being afloat for forty-eight hours. They were all right. The ice on which six of them took refuge stuck on a sand bar and they were taken off by a rowboat. One man drifted to Cedar river, a distance of 18 miles, on a cake of ice.

Gory Deed at Milwaukee.

Frederick Needock, aged 63, a teamster, quarreled with his wife over money matters and then cut her throat with a razor so that she died in a few moments. He tried to kill his 12-year-old daughter, but she got away. Needock, after the tragedy by severing his own jugular. Twelve children are left orphans.

The News Condensed.

Work has commenced on the new electric street railway at Janesville. The opera house block, which was burned recently at Wausau, will soon be rebuilt.

John Walter & Co.'s brewery at Eau Claire was partially destroyed by fire. Loss, \$20,000.

From 100 to 125 earloads of pulp wood were being daily received by the paper mills of the Fox river valley.

Miss Lena Seafar, aged 24, of the town of Durand, was pronounced insane by medical experts and committed to the asylum at Mendota.

Joseph L. Wallace, well known in western Wisconsin and Minnesota as the proprietor of the La Crosse business college, died at the age of 48 years.

Fred Lipman, of Byron Center, was thrown off a load of logs and the logs rolled upon him, killing him instantly.

Rev. Reeder Smith, one of the founders of Appleton, in 1847, and of the city of New London later, died at his home in New London, aged 88 years.

Wm. Simons, aged 23, was killed at the Hiker's camp near Rice Lake by a log rolling over him. His parents reside near Menomonie.

Capt. Joseph Humphrey, an old settler of Milwaukee, is dead.

A fire in the dry goods store of A. Wächter, at Sheboygan Falls, caused a loss of about \$15,000.

Joel R. Carpenter died at Oconomowoc, aged 74 years. He was a member of the legislature in war times and had held many local offices.

On the Mondovio branch near Osseo, car of live stock was burned. G. H. Hubbard was the owner.

A child of A. V. D. Leest, of Little Lake, fell into a kettle filled with boiling water and was scalded to death.

At Darlington fire broke out in a room over Turner's blacksmith shop occupied by John Fitzpatrick and John Green which resulted in the death of the former.

Chief Justice Lyon, of the supreme court, has ordered that leave be granted to the attorney general to begin an action to test the validity of the appointment of the state by the legislature.

Gene Grenier was convicted at the trial before Justice Wade of pilfering a pair of pants from one of Briggs Russell's lumber camps and was sentenced to thirty days in the jail.

Two children, a son of Nels Erickson and a daughter of C. D. Pearlston, aged about 9 years, were killed by a passenger train on the Green Bay, Wisconsin & St. Paul railway near Tremont. They were playing with a sled behind a house and ran out upon the track right in front of the train. Both were instantly killed and their little bodies were terribly mutilated. No blame was attached to the trainmen.

At the meeting in Madison of the State Horticultural society the following officers were elected: President, M. A. Thayer, of Sparta; vice president, L. J. Kellogg, of Ripon; secretary, R. S. Hoxie, of Evansville; treasurer, Mrs. V. H. Campbell, of Evansville; corresponding secretary, Carl H. Potter, of Madison.

A handsome and stylish young couple appeared before Municipal Judge Keyes, in Madison, and asked to be married. They gave the names of E. W. Weddell, aged 19, and Gustie S. Dahler, aged 16, both of Sublette, Ill. Their wish was gratified and they departed happy. It was obviously a runaway in high life.

THAYER GIVES UP.

He is Ready to Vacate Nebraska's Gubernatorial Chair.

LINCOLN, Neb., Feb. 8.—At noon Sunday Gov. Thayer received a letter from his attorney stating that after a careful consideration of the subject of his retaining the gubernatorial chair of Nebraska he had concluded that it should be surrendered to Gov. Boyd. Gov. Thayer immediately acquiesced, and dictated the following letter to Gov. Boyd:

"STATE OF NEBRASKA, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, LINCOLN, Feb. 8, 1892.—Gov. James E. Boyd, Omaha:—Sir: When I commenced proceedings one year ago to test your title to the office of governor, I did so in the belief that there was great doubt in the public mind as to your citizenship and eligibility. I then took occasion to publicly say that as soon as your citizenship was established by courts I would gladly surrender the office to you. The contest was not one of personal strife, nor to satisfy any ambition of my own, but to comply with and uphold the constitution of the state. Now that the public press has announced that the highest tribunal has declared under the constitution and laws of our country and state your right to the office of governor, without awaiting the mandate of the courts, as to about some weeks, it would be convenient for me to turn over the office to you at 2 o'clock p. m. that day, if it is your pleasure to accept the same at that time. Very respectfully your obedient servant, JOHN M. THAYER."

AWFUL BUTCHERY.

Frightful Deaths of Chinese Rebels and Their Terrible Punishment.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 5.—A Shanghai correspondent gives details of a terrible atrocity committed by Chinese rebels on the border of Manchuria and of equally terrible punishment inflicted by government troops upon the captured rebels. These rebels were led by several Buddhist priests, and they were especially savage against native Christians. At one place they burned sixty children and butchered nine Chinese nuns. At another they cremated sixty men whom they imprisoned in a barn. Their expeditions were solely for plunder and without political purpose. Viceroy Li sent a large army against them and their strength was broken. Hundreds of prisoners were taken.

The punishment meted out to the rebels by their conquerors was most revolting and the executions were conducted on a wholesale scale. Men were beheaded by hundreds, and entire trunks of trees were utilized as blocks along which prisoners were ranged in lines and their executioners simply moved off their heads when the signal was given.

HANGED FOR MURDER.

Three Men Pay the Penalty for Their Crimes in Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 6.—William Puckett was hanged at Irvine, Ky., for the murder of William Hall. The execution took place at 12:30 Friday and Puckett's neck was broken. The crime for which he was hanged was committed on November election day, 1890. It resulted from a drunken quarrel over a knife.

Robert Charlton (colored) was hanged just before noon Friday at Henderson, Ky., for the murder of his mistress, Minnie Hoskins. He killed her on the night of November 27 because she refused him money with which to play craps.

William Bush, who was hanged at Stanford, at 2 o'clock p. m. Friday murdered his wife at Clay City, April 23, 1890. He tried to implicate Alfred Smith, saying his wife knew about a lot of Smith's devilment and was going to talk.

Mrs. Wray's Century of Life.

FAIRBURY, Ill., Feb. 5.—Mrs. Mary Wray celebrated her 100th birthday anniversary in this city Thursday. She is at the head of a family comprising five generations, all of whom were present at the anniversary. She is the oldest woman living in central Illinois, is in excellent health, and bids fair to live ten more years.

Lost Both Feet.

SENECA FALLS, N. Y., Feb. 8.—Miss Louisa Sherman, one of the handsomest young women in this place, has had both feet amputated because of wearing tight shoes, which resulted in a disease of the bone which medical skill could not cure.

Cargo of Coffee Lost.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—The steamer Venezuela, of the Red D line, went ashore off Baracat. The Venezuela has a gross tonnage of 2,613 tons and is valued at \$400,000. She is loaded with a cargo of coffee valued at \$600,000.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.	
LIVE STOCK—Cattle	33 25 34 1/2
Sheep	4 00 4 00
Hogs	4 10 4 10
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1 08 1/2 1 09 1/2
WHEAT—No. 2	1 08 1/2 1 09 1/2
WHEAT—No. 3	1 08 1/2 1 09 1/2
WHEAT—No. 4	1 08 1/2 1 09 1/2
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WHEAT—No. 99	1 08 1/2 1 09 1/2
WHEAT—No. 100	1 08 1/2 1 09 1/2

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Paper, sir?" asked the newsboy. "No, I never read," was the blunt answer. "All, boys, come here," called out the gamins; "here's a man as is practical for the jury!"

A six-year-old little fellow was forced to wear a shirt three sizes too large for him. After strutting around a little while, he burst out with: "I feel awful lonesome in this shirt, ma."

To love my neighbor as myself. What strange advice is that! I do not know his name. I'm tenant in a flat.

Trunks are now made of paper pulp that has been subjected to a great pressure in the same manner as the material used for the manufacture of paper car wheels. Owing to the tenacity of the paper it is practically impossible to injure a trunk made of this material.

A peculiar animal was killed in Oregon the other day. It is not a coon nor a polecat, neither is it a wildcat nor a congar, but it looks like a mixture or combination of all them. Its teeth are long and sharp, and its tail somewhat resembles a hog's ear.

Chinese gold miners in California do not talk at their work, as they consider it unlucky, and for the same reason they do not like to be addressed by visitors. At Rock Springs, Wyo., the Chinese miners in the coal mines consider it very unlucky to speak before breakfast.

It is said to have cost the Englishman who bought ten buffaloes from "Buffalo Jones," of Kansas, \$25,000 to purchase and get them across the Atlantic. They were bred in Manitoba. Their new home is the park of Hagerston castle, in Northumberland. But think of the price when millions were butchered for fun twenty-five years ago.

News stamps range in denomination from 1 cent to 90 cents. There is a 10-cent stamp, a 15-cent stamp and a 20-cent stamp. The highest denomination used by the United States is a \$50 stamp, with which newspapers sometimes pay their postage bills. For the same purpose are the \$1.92-stamp, the \$3-stamp and various others ranging from that on to \$18.

Capt. L. K. Morse, of Rockport, Me., has invented a new method of reefing sails on ships. The common method of reefing by hauling the sail up, sometimes requiring all hands aloft, is hard on canvas and harder on the men. Capt. Morse devised his plan while he was in command of the ship Col. Adams, and used it on the vessel until she was burned. By his method the reefing is done from the deck.

It is probable that there will be fewer tall buildings built in Chicago hereafter, in consequence of the high rate of insurance adopted by the board of underwriters in the case of a ten-story structure. The rate was so high that the owner of the building in question thinks it necessary to tear down at least two of the stories. This edifice was intended for mercantile purposes, and was therefore treated in a different manner from one intended for offices.

A blacksmith in Belfast, Me., relates that forty years ago, when he was an apprentice, his employer bought a superannuated horse for fifty cents, ordered him to shoe the animal, and sold it, with its four new shoes, for seventy-five cents. The apprentice was so incensed at having his work valued at only twenty-five cents that he took an oath then and there never to shoe another horse, and he never has, although he has been in the blacksmith business ever since.

There is a story going the rounds that a man was sitting behind a hat, the wearer being the sort of woman who can not keep in one position. He grew desperate; he placed his own silk hat upon his head and commenced to dodge after his tormentor. Presently cries came, "Take off that hat!" Taking it off, he leaned forward, tapped the woman on her shoulder. "Madame, they are asking you to remove your hat," he said courteously. And the plan was a success.—Music and Drama.

A granger hailing from Placer county brought to the Chronicle office a curious freak of nature in the shape of a live snake with two distinct heads. There is no malformation, the body and neck of the reptile being perfect and the heads being each of full size and development. Each head has two eyes, and the snake when aroused darts its forked tongues from both mouths, simultaneously at times, and at others using only one tongue. The reptile is a little over a foot long and belongs to a harmless variety.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Among the natives of Australia notched and carved sticks are used for messages. For instance, a piece of wood carried from one village to another, with straight and curved lines cut upon it, means "There is a fight on hand; fetch your spears and boomerangs." The North American Indians have utilized wampum belts from time immemorial for like purposes, the arrangement of the different colored beads conveying the signification desired.

In opposition to the theory that influenza is a disease not dependent upon personal contact of individuals for its progression—that it is not evolved by the intrinsic operations of a specific poison and propagated through and by means of the ordinary channels of human intercourse—attention is called to the fact that during the late epidemic observers noted that the influenza's course was independent of and quite opposed to the prevailing winds. Thus it traveled slowly in Siberia and Russia, but rapidly as soon as it reached the network of railways in Central and Western Europe; its course was changed by the mountain ranges of Scandinavia, and it invaded Norway, not from Sweden, but from Holland and England; again, it was deflected by the Carpathians, turning its course in the channels of travel down the valley of the Danube, and ultimately following, in direction and time, the ocean routes to India, India, too, it has shown the same peculiarities in following the railway lines as have been observed in America.—N. Y. Tribune.

The February Wide Awake

Comes promptly to hand with an exceedingly varied and entertaining list of contents. We wonder if the parents of our boys and girls really know what an excellent and absorbing story Mrs. Mary McIntosh Cox is giving us in her serial "Jack Breton's Three Months' Service." While the young people read with growing interest and imbibe lessons in honor, manliness and devotion to duty from its stirring incidents, not one of the elder generation but can live again the dramatic scenes of 1861 which it portrays, when homes were rent and anxious hearts were over-strained. The story appeals to all. So, too, though in a different way, does the Arabian story of pluck and endurance, "The Lance of Kauana," thrill its readers month by month. The camel race over the desert described in the February number is full of a force and fire that stirs the blood of every reader. Among the important contributions to the February Wide Awake is the last story, "The Sign of the Prophet Jonah," ever written by Eliot McCormick, one of New York's promising newspaper men, untimely cut off by death scarcely six months since. Mrs. Harriet Maxwell-Converse has another of her interesting Indian articles "With Seventy Chiefs at Olswekan." Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott talks delightfully about "Some Flowers that I have known." Mrs. Jane G. Austin gives the charming story of "Lora Standish's Sampler," of which all readers of "Standish of Standish" and "Betty Alden" will be glad to know more. Lovers of adventure will enjoy Lieut. Col. Thorndike's thrilling experience "In the Straits of Cape Horn." Harriet Pickney Huse's sketch of a storm "On a Florida Reef," and Henry Cleveland Wood's Kentucky pioneer story "Under the Fire." Dorothy Holcomb's "Writings-down" about "The Night of the Fire" will raise the ready smile. "The First Steamboat" and "A Pet Seal" are short instructive papers, and the department "Men and Things" is full of readable items. The poetry of the number is excellent. The pictures in the number are illustrative and characteristic, and the feeling that the children of this generation who have the possibilities of regularly reading so helpful and elevating a magazine as WIDE AWAKE are blessed indeed, is emphasized again by a perusal of the February issue.

WIDE AWAKE is published at 20 cents per number, \$2.40 per year.

D. LOTHROP CO., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

His Mitigating Circumstances.

"Are you aware of any mitigating circumstances in your case?" asked the justice the other day of a colored citizen charged with stealing a coat.

"Yes, sah; lots ob 'em. Ef I had time, judge, I could talk to you for a week on dat subject."

"If you know of any mitigating circumstance, please state it."

"Yes, sah; I'll tell you ob one right now, sah. How easy would it have been for me to bring my family inter disgrace and misery, sah, by stealing dat coat. But I didn't do it, sah. Another mitigatin' circumstance am—"

"Officer, remove the prisoner."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

SYRUP OF FIGS



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

HE HAD THE GRIP.

MR. E. SCHLICHTING, living at No. 2049 Third Ave., New York City, wrote the following under date of Dec. 29th, 1891. Two weeks ago I was taken with severe pains in my back, head, chest and throat, in fact my whole body ached and I concluded it must be the grip. I used two bottles of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and found relief, the third bottle cured me. Two of my children were taken the same way and two bottles cured them. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is worth its weight in gold.

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

EPPE'S

Lewis Hardware Co., RHINELANDER.

ACORN STOVES AND RANGES.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF MILL AND LUMBERMEN'S SUPPLIES IN THE CITY.

A Complete Assortment of Belting, Packing and Lacing. Paints, Oils, Glass, Varnishes, Etc.

HER FATHER'S VICTIM.

(Continued from last week.)



Blatchford opened the telegram at once and read:

"Come immediately. Do not delay under any circumstances. The most important matter of your life. Come quick."

The old man sprang to his feet in an instant, and rushed wildly out.

CHAPTER XXI.

GREEN NEEDS MORE MONEY AND GETS IT.

Louise thought it best to say nothing to her parents of Harry Pearson's proposal. She very naturally concluded that the matter was at an end, and knowing the anxiety that weighed on her father's mind already, she was loath to add anything to it. John had not forgotten Seraggs' words, but after watching Pearson closely on the occasion of his visits, saw nothing to warrant him in adopting Seraggs' idea. His deportment was always that of a perfect gentleman, and there was absolutely nothing in it to indicate any intentions, honorable or otherwise, relative to Louise.

Two weeks passed quietly away after Harry's proposal, and during the time he made several visits to Green's, always bringing with him some delicacies for the sick woman. He often expressed a wish to render John more substantial aid, and John had always accepted the wish for the deed.

Dr. Bascom made regular daily visits to his patient, but as yet the improvement in her condition was scarcely perceptible. The fever was losing its power, it is true, but it had had a long run, and her blood was burned up by it and she was weak and feeble.

"She is in a fair way to recover," the doctor announced; "but she is so near the verge of the grave that it would require but little to place her in it. She needs strength, and we must endeavor to build up her constitution. Good food is the thing she stands most in need of now—good, wholesome diet and plenty of it."

"Yes," said John, "but that, I fear, I shall not be able to give her. I have raised the last dollar that I can raise—mortgaged everything that I can mortgage, and now it is all gone, and there is not a morsel of food in the house. I don't know what in the name of God I am to do next. I cannot sit here and see my wife die of hunger, and I know of no way to prevent it. What am I to do, doctor? What can I do?"

"Green," replied the doctor, "if I could I'd help you. But I can't. I am working for nothing, for my patients have no money to pay me, and I have scarcely enough to live on. I haven't a dollar. If I had you should have a part of it. But I'll see if I can't manage in some way to raise some money for you. I don't know what success I'll have, and I can't encourage you to hope for anything. I can only try. It is not necessary for me to come and see the patient again for several days, but if I am so fortunate as to do anything for you I'll come at once."

"Thank you, doctor," said John fervently as he clasped the old doctor's hand. "You have already placed me under a world of obligations to you, and if I am never able to repay you, God will."

"Oh, never mind that, Green," the old man said, "never mind about that. We're all human beings, and I am no more than human in doing what I do. There's nothing in it but what anybody ought to do."

"Perhaps not," said John, "but it's what few do nevertheless. My heart is full, doctor, and I cannot express my feelings. But this I can say: You have done more for us than any other person on earth, and my heart, my thanks and my prayers are yours. You came to us a stranger, and you have been a source of light to us. You have stood by us like a brother, and you have saved the life of my dearest one. God bless you, doctor, God bless you."

John could say no more, for his feeling overmastered him, and he broke down completely. The old doctor was seriously disturbed, and for awhile heidgeted about nervously. He was a modest man, and whatever good deeds he performed were performed solely for the good there was in them, and not for the sake of the praise they might bring him. He had acted the part of a friend to John Green and his wife simply because he felt it his duty.

"Green," he said, laying his hand on John's shoulder, "don't talk that way."

Let's not make any fuss over telling matters like that. I'm glad my efforts in this case have not been unavailing, and I hope your wife will soon be recovered. Now, see here, you must make an effort to get a little money, and I'll make an effort and between us I think we may be able to accomplish something. Continue my remedies according to directions, and if anything happens before I return, let me know."

And with that the old doctor went away, followed by a thousand blessings that flowed from John Green's heart.

The next day John went over to Marie City to see what he could do in the way of raising money. He first went to Mills' office, and after a long wait secured an audience with that gentleman. He laid his condition before Mills in its true light and begged for a small advance on his loan.

"I would be glad to accommodate you, Green," Mills replied, "but I find it impossible to do so. I let you have at first entirely too much money on your security, and I am fearful that I shall not be able to recover on it. I can't advance another dollar."

"But I must have it, Mills. I cannot let my wife die for the want of food. Do you understand?"

"I understand perfectly, Mr. Green, but you should remember that this is not a place of charity but a place of business. I cannot undertake to bear other people's burdens, nor to furnish food to the hungry. I am not responsible for the suffering among the settlers, and I cannot afford to give away everything I possess to alleviate it. As I said, I am sorry for you and sympathize with you. Good day."

John attempted to speak further, but Mills hurried him out of the office, saying:

"There are customers in waiting, Mr. Green, and I have no time to waste."

John next visited the bank but met with no success there. Then he tried all the places where there was a bare hope of getting money, but his efforts were all unavailing. There was but one chance left and he would try that. So, with faltering courage, he went to the office of Mr. Seraggs.

"Seraggs offered to aid me once," John thought, "and perhaps he will do it now. I can try him at least."

But when he reached Seraggs' office he found a young man in charge, and to his inquiry for Seraggs the young man gave Green this answer:

"Sorry you were not a few minutes earlier, Mr. Green, as Mr. Seraggs has just gone away. There goes his train now. He will not be back for near a week."

For an instant John stared blankly at the young man, and his head reeled and he felt as if the earth was slipping from under his feet. His last chance for raising money was gone, and he saw nothing before his sick wife but death from want. The clerk noticed John's manner and was alarmed at it.

"Mr. Green," he said, "you are not well. Take a seat and rest a moment. Can't I do something for you?"

"No," replied John, as he dropped into the nearest seat. "I will be all right in a moment."

There was more than disappointment and discouragement ailing John. He was sick, weak and hungry. For days



"GREEN, DON'T TALK THAT WAY."

he had overtaxed his strength in caring for his sick wife. He had gone on short diet, had lost sleep night after night. He was pale, haggard and aged. He was sick in body as well as soul.

"Was your business with Mr. Seraggs very particular?" the clerk asked, when John recovered himself a little.

"Yes," said John, "it is a matter of great importance to me." And he stated the object of his visit and told something of the necessity that forced him to seek the loan.

"I wish you had come before Mr. Seraggs left," the clerk replied, "for I am sure he would have given you the assistance you want. But it is too late now. He has no money here that I can handle or I would free the liberty of making the advance. If you can get along for a few days, however, I am certain you can count on him for the favor when he returns."

"If I can do no better I shall have to wait," John replied, as he left the office, "but God only knows how we are to keep the breath of life in us unless we have food."

John returned to his team to go home, but the thought of going back with no money or provisions was a great disappointment to him, and he could hardly make up his mind to go. He sat down by his wagon and gazed vacantly across the street at the display

of goods in front of a grocery store.

"There is plenty over there," he thought, "to keep off suffering, yet for the want of a few dollars I must go hungry while my wife dies of want. I cannot go back to my home empty-handed and sit down there to wait for starvation. There is food in the land and I must have it. God forgive me, but if I can steal some food I'll do it."

Never in all his life had the thought of such a crime come through John Green's mind. Never before had he contemplated, even lightly, the commission of such a deed. And never before would he have dreamed that the time would come when he should seriously contemplate turning thief. But no one knows to what extent hunger will drive him until he has felt its pangs.

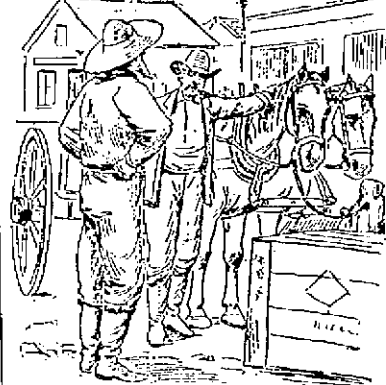
John Green resolved to become a thief in the eyes of the world. He resolved to take by force and stealth that which was necessary to preserve life, and which he could secure by no other means. And with this determination firmly fixed in his mind he arose to put it in execution. But scarcely had he come to his feet when a strange man accosted him, saying:

"My friend, you have a very fair wagon and team there."

"Yes," replied John, mechanically.

"Would you sell them?" the stranger asked.

"Yes," replied John, eagerly grasping at the opportunity of getting some money, forgetting everything else in



"WOULD YOU SELL THEM?" THE STRANGER ASKED.

the thought of his wife. "Do you want to buy them?"

"I want to buy a wagon and team to take my family back to Missouri, and if you will sell yours at a reasonable price I may take them. What do you want for them?"

"I don't know," replied John. "I had not thought of selling them. But I suppose they ought to be worth a hundred and fifty dollars."

The man shook his head. John saw the action and said:

"How much will you give, then?"

"I'll give you seventy-five," the man replied. "It is a small sum, I know, but money is valuable in this country, and everything else, save food, is cheap. That's all I can afford to offer you."

John was in no mood for caviling, and so without further parley he accepted the man's offer, and the money and team changed hands.

No longer forced to the necessity of stealing food, John started off homeward, considerably lighter of heart.

"Poor Mary need not starve now," he thought, as he walked across the prairie. "This money will buy food to tide us over a few more months, and by that time I will be able to go away and secure employment."

In the contemplation of the good the money would bring to his loved ones, John completely forgot the fact that he had committed a grave crime against the law in securing the money as he had. But at last it came back to him, and with a sudden and terrible shock he was made to feel the full consequences of his act. He stopped in his tracks and a cold shiver ran over him.

"Great God!" he murmured, "I have sold mortgaged property, and opened a way to the state prison for myself. What am I to do? What can I do?"

And he sat down and buried his face in his hands and tried to think; but he could think of nothing and see nothing but the prison door yawning before him.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SERPENT SHOWS ITS HEAD AGAIN.

A long time John remained there on the prairie trying to decide what step to take next. At first he was inclined to go back and find the man who had bought the property, and try to induce him to annul the sale; but he realized that such a step would be useless, since it was not probable that the man would consent to the proposition, even if he could be found, which was not likely. Then he could not consent to surrender the money.

So he put that idea away, and decided to go on home. On the morrow he would go to Mills and tell him of the sale and pay him a portion of the money. This seemed like a fair way of proceeding, and John had no doubt that it would be all right with Mills. Having come to this conclusion, he felt relieved, and continued his way with less misgivings.

The next morning John prepared to return to town to carry out his plan, and was about to set out from home when he saw two men approaching. He soon recognized them as Mills and Pearson, and with a feeling of fear and dread awaited their arrival.

"Mr. Green," said Mills, after the

usual salutations, "I came out to see you on a little matter of business. I am informed on reliable authority that you sold your wagon and horses yesterday. Is such the case?"

"It is," said John, "and I was just starting to your office to inform you of the fact, and make it all right with you."

Mills smiled rather incredulously at this statement, and John winced under the expression of the money-lender's sinister eyes.

"Such may possibly have been your intentions, Mr. Green," Mills replied doubtfully. "I do not pretend to know what is in your mind. But the fact that you disposed of the property right at my office without saying a word to me about it is rather damaging, to say the least. It seems to me that you could as easily have come to me then, as to have come home and gone back this morning. The affair looks a little suspicious, aure."

"You don't mean to imply," cried Green with a gleam of anger, "that I purposed acting dishonestly?"

"No, oh, no, I don't mean to imply anything. I am just stating the facts of the matter. I have a perfect right to my opinion, though, I presume."

"I suppose you have, but you have no right to make any assertions. I acknowledge that I did act imprudently, but I was driven to it. You know what my situation is, and you ought to be willing to make some allowances. However, I will now pay you that part of the debt for which the horses and wagon stood as security, and that, I suppose, will make the matter all right."

"No, I can't accept such terms. It would be setting a bad precedent for my customers, and would lead to no end of trouble."

"What do you mean to do, then?" John asked with trepidation.

"I can do but one thing," replied Mills, "and that is to let the law take its course. I suppose you know what that will lead to."

"Great heavens, man!" John cried, "remember my wife, and show that you have a heart. Would you send me away to prison for no crime and kill my poor wife by the act? Surely you cannot be brutal enough to do that."

"I shall not do it, Mr. Green," Mills replied coolly. "I am not the law, and neither can I answer for the law. You have placed yourself in the law's grasp and you will have to abide the consequences."

"Can't I do anything to satisfy you and avert this awful fate?" asked John.

"Not that I know of," said Mills.

"You will have to make your plan to the court."

Mills turned to ride away, but Harry Pearson, who all this time had kept quiet, motioned him aside, and for some time they talked together earnestly. Finally they came back to Green, and Mills said:

"For the present, Mr. Green, I will let this affair rest, since my friend here so much desires I should. He agrees to stand responsible for you, and I have promised to do nothing for a few days. I do not know what may be done eventually, but just now you may rest quietly. Good day."

Pearson went away with Mills to avoid John's thanks, and John returned to the house greatly relieved by the turn matters had taken.

"Pearson will see me out all right," he thought, "and there will be nothing more of it. He will compel Mills to accept the money and remain quiet."

In this reckoning John was correct to a certain extent, but he little dreamed how dearly Pearson meant to charge for his good offices.

Two or three days passed and then Pearson came again to John Green's house. John welcomed him with all his heart and embraced the opportunity to thank him for his services rendered a few days before.

"It is nothing," Harry protested, "nothing at all, Green, to make a fuss over; and yet I'm glad I was able to help you. Mills is a bad man to deal with, as I have lately discovered, and I am sorry you borrowed that money of him. But having got you into his hands I feel it my duty to help you out. But there, we'll let the matter drop. How is Mrs. Green to-day?"

"She is doing splendidly," said John.

"Improving rapidly, and if nothing interferes to give her a relapse she'll soon be well enough to get about. She has had a trying time of it."

"Indeed she has," replied Harry sympathetically.

Harry soon found an opportunity of suggesting a walk to Louise, and she feeling somewhat in duty bound accepted his proposal. Together they walked out across the prairie, Pearson doing the most of the talking, and for some time confining himself to trivial matters. But at last, when they came to the bank of the creek, they sat down, and Pearson proceeded to speak of something of more importance.

"Louise," he said, "I have brought you out here to-day to speak to you on a subject that lies near my heart, and which I cannot bury, though I've tried often. You know what it is?"

"I'm afraid I do," said she.

"Afraid?" he repeated. "Then you have not changed your mind?"

"No, no, and I never can."

"Louise," said Pearson quickly, "you can change your mind, and you must. I love you better than any other man ever did or ever will. I'll do anything to win you. I have busied myself to help your parents in every way that I found possible, and I did it all for your sake. I'd do anything for your sake, and I've sworn that you shall be mine."

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NEW NORTH.

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TALKING by wire to the Chilean country is an expensive business. Secretary Blaine's ultimatum address to Minister Egan contained over 1,000 words and cost nearly \$3,500.

In 1891 855 persons died in Russia between the ages of 100 and 105, 130 between 115 and 120, while three were reported to the authorities as having died after living to be 150 years or more of age.

The cotton-planters are to hold a convention for the purpose of coming to an agreement to reduce the acreage devoted to that crop, in order that a remunerative price may be obtained.

JOSEPH JAMES CHEESMAN, Liberia's new president, is a Baptist minister, whom the Southern Baptist Missionary convention of the United States appointed superintendent of its mission in 1871.

Dr. H. E. FORDMAN, a pathologist of Trenton, N. J., has made an examination of the milk and meat of cattle affected by tuberculosis, and says there is little if any danger of infection from the use of them.

RAILROADS centering in Chicago are attaching smoke consumers to their locomotives and doing all in their power to co-operate with the municipal authorities in the effort to suppress the smoke nuisance.

The last exhibit of the national debt shows that it amounts to about seventy-eight dollars per family. The debt of Great Britain is \$327 per family, of France, \$351, Germany about \$400 and Austria-Hungary, \$354.

The grip is said to have cost English insurance companies nearly three times as much as the worst cholera epidemic. The disease has doubled the death rate in Dublin and more than trebled it at Brighton, a health resort.

THE Salton lake, which was formed in the Colorado desert last summer by the overflowing of the Colorado river, is rapidly drying up. The lake was thirty miles long and ten wide last August, but now these dimensions are reduced to ten and eight respectively.

PRESIDENT GEORGE MONTT, of Chili, is a peculiarly interesting personage just at present. He has a broad forehead, a fine commanding eye, the well-developed nose which marks character, a well-trimmed black beard and mustache, and an erect, active figure.

Dr. WESLEY NEWCOMB, who died at Ithaca a few days ago, aged eighty-four, was a great conchologist and was a correspondent of the conchologists of Europe. His collection of shells was one of the largest in the world and took twenty-three years to collect. It is now owned by Cornell university.

THE New York Herald celebrates the hygienic value of snow and credits the abatement of the grip to the purification of the air by snowflakes and the covering up of dust by the blanket of snow, to be incorporated in the earth when a thaw sets in. Whether the theory is correct or not the epidemic has declined since the recent snowstorms.

The long-proposed Arctic expedition for the relief of Peary is now organizing at Philadelphia. Its leader, according to the decision just announced of the Philadelphia academy of natural sciences, will be Prof. Angelo Heilprin, the eminent naturalist and paleontologist, who accompanied Lieut. Peary on the first expedition and was its chief promoter.

A PORTRAIT of "Jolly" Madison, mistress of the white house when the British invaded Washington in the war of 1812-14, is attracting attention at the national capital. The likeness was obtained by copying Gilbert Stuart's picture of Mrs. Madison, in the Corcoran gallery, and adding to this, which merely includes the face and bust, a figure.

NEWFOUNDLAND has reason to look over its new returns with some concern. The population is increasing only one-half of one per cent a year. The fishing industry is more depressed than ever. Agriculture is confined to 50,000 acres, and is not growing. There is very little manufacturing, and trade restrictions prevent an increase in commerce. A demand for annexation to the United States has taken a positive form in Newfoundland.

RANDOLPH ROGERS, while yet a boy, showed his talent by carving curious cane-heads on gnarled sticks which he found in his rambles in the woods. A few years later, while in the service of a New York silk merchant, he slept in the store of his employer, and, during his leisure hours, devoted himself to making small statues. The merchant, discovering his bust of Byron one day, was so pleased at the evidence of Rogers' genius that he offered to lend him money enough to go to Italy and study art. This was his first real start in life.

PRINCE GEORGE, of Wales, is reported to desire to remain in the navy, and have command of a big ironclad. He will be overruled, for his life has become of the highest importance. A dispatch from London states the case in this way: An ironclad might run on a rock, or her boilers might blow up, or she might founder in a storm, and the prince must not run the risk of any one of these events so long as the duchess of Fife stands third, the duke of Edinburgh seventh and Emperor William, of Germany, twenty-first in the direct line of succession to the British throne.

THE CRUEL FLAMES.

Many Lives Lost in a Hotel Fire in New York.

Belief That the Death List May Reach 100—Five Bodies Already Recovered—Thrilling Stories of Narrow Escapes.

HEMMELED IN BY FIRE.
NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—The Hotel Royal, that well-known landmark which has stood for more than a quarter of a century at the southeast corner of Sixth avenue and Fortieth street, was burned to the ground early Sunday morning and a large number of people were burned, suffocated and crushed in the ruins. At the time of the disaster there were nearly 150 guests in the house. The hotel employees, all told, number fifty-five. Of this number of people five have thus far been found dead, six are in the hospital and sixty-three have been reported alive.

It is feared that a search of the vast, smoking pile of debris in the cellar of the hotel will reveal many ghastly finds. It was reported at a late hour that no less than 100 people were still unaccounted for. Soon after the fire broke out ambulances arrived from the various hospitals. Many physicians whose residences are in the neighborhood were quickly on the scene and did all they could to relieve the injured.

The scenes at the fire before the fire companies arrived were heartrending. One man whose name is not known sprang from a third-story window and was dashed to death on the ground below. This was on the Sixth avenue side of the building. A moment later another man leaped from a window on the Fortieth street side and was instantly killed. Shortly afterward two women jumped from windows on the Sixth avenue side and were dead when picked up. The bodies were taken to the Thirtieth street station house, and afterward, unidentified, removed to the morgue.

Mr. Frederick Uhlmann, the dealer in hops, has been a guest at the Hotel Royal for years and lived with his brother Simon and mother. The latter went to their country residence at Lakeview, N. J., Saturday. Mr. Uhlmann escaped with only an overcoat to cover his nakedness. Mr. Uhlmann lost everything in his room, including \$12,000 in cash. Several checks and notes and other valuable business documents were lost.

When the walls fell people were seen at several windows on the top floor crying for help, but they fell back and were soon buried in the ruins. The flames of the burning building illumined the sky for miles around and drew to the scene—which during the entire day was an object of curiosity—an immense throng of people.

The loss on the hotel property is estimated at \$350,000. The building was owned by Hyman Israel, furniture dealer on the Bowery. The Hotel Royal was built more than twenty-five years ago. It was formerly kept by Messrs. Peris & Butler, but Mr. Meares leased it thirteen years ago. In 1882 the building was remodeled and an addition was made on the south side. The house was the home of many persons in the theatrical profession and was patronized chiefly by transients for a night.

Killed His Aged Wife.

CHICAGO, Feb. 8.—Patrick Hurst, a laborer living at 118 Townsend street, killed his wife Friday afternoon. It was a literal butchery, the woman being stabbed thirty-eight times with a six-inch blade bowie knife. The murderer and the victim were each about 65 years old and had been married forty years. They had frequent quarrels, and Hurst had often threatened to kill her. He gave himself up to the police, saying that he took his wife's life because she would not take care of him when he grew older.

Old Woman Murder Ten Persons.

BUDAPEST, Feb. 8.—A judicial inquiry recently held at Nensatz, a town of Hungary on the Danube, has resulted in the indictment of three old women named Pionieska, Kurjakov and Kernaz for the murder of ten persons. It is charged that the victims were instituted by the wives of the victims. The inquiry also revealed the existence of a class of professional poisoners living in villages of southern Hungary.

Chilian Criminals Punished.

VALPARAISO, Feb. 5.—Judge of Crimes Foster yesterday passed sentence in the Baltimore assault case of October 10, 1891. Carlos Arena was sentenced to 920 days' imprisonment for wounding William Turnbull, Jose Anunada to 320 days' imprisonment for injuring Turnbull and Frederico Rodriguez to 140 days' imprisonment for wounding Charles W. Riggins.

Man and Wife Crushed to Death.

GURDON, Ark., Feb. 8.—Frank Tyler, a well-to-do farmer, and his wife were crushed to death while attempting to repair an out-building. With the aid of his wife Mr. Tyler tried to prop up the building, when it collapsed. Almost every bone in their bodies was broken.

Three Were Killed.

LARKSPUR, Mo., Feb. 8.—The last express on the Chicago & Alton road collided with a freight train near here, and Engineer Ellington and Fireman Keller and Hinderman were killed and several persons were badly injured. A misplaced switch caused the disaster.

Dead White Dancing.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Feb. 8.—Miss Kittie Shaw, daughter of a prominent physician of this city, dropped dead at 3:30 o'clock a. m. Saturday while dancing at the reception given by the Pittsburgh club, in honor of the reopening of their clubhouse.

Will Stand by Prohibition.

DES MOINES, Ia., Feb. 6.—At a caucus of republican members of the house it was decided to stand by prohibition, the only two members regarded as "shaky" having made speeches favorable to the law.

WILL BE COLUMBIA'S FAIR.

National Commissioners to Ask Congress for Funds.

CHICAGO, Feb. 8.—It is now practically settled that the Chicago world's fair directory will not ask congress to give them a dollar in aid of the Columbian exposition. The proposition to go before congress and solicit a loan of \$5,000,000 and the movement to have Uncle Sam invest in \$5,000,000 of world's fair stock will be both abandoned and in their stead a bill will be brought forward by the national commission asking congress to appropriate about \$4,000,000 to be expended by the national commissioners appointed by the president.

If this appropriation is secured, no part of the \$4,000,000 will be spent on the grounds and buildings of the exposition. The entire sum will be paid out for administrative purposes on the lines laid down by the law of congress creating the exposition. Gen. J. W. St. Clair, of West Virginia, and his associates on the committee of federal legislation of the national board outlined the plan of campaign and it is as good as settled that the local directors will endorse Gen. St. Clair's action. President Baker stands alone in opposing the new plan.

ORANGE CROP A FAILURE.

Many Southern California Growers Practically Bankrupted.

RIVERSIDE, Cal., Feb. 6.—The orange crop is now being gathered and the outlook for most of the growers is disheartening. The season's yield was largely spoiled by the severe frost and by the electric windstorm on December 17. It is safe to say that at least two-thirds of the oranges on the trees are unmarketable and many are unfit to eat. The loss is a hard one to all the interests of southern California. Many orchard owners are practically bankrupt, for many depended entirely on the unusually promising crop to make payments on their lands. Even the real estate men find that they have a hard thing to explain away in the case of prospective purchasers, and by no means the smallest trial is upon the large body of laborers and fruit handlers, who relied on work at orange picking and packing to help them through the winter, when all other kinds of fruit work are suspended. The railroads are heavy losers also, for instead of 5,000 carloads of fruit that would have been sent there will probably not be more than 1,000 carloads.

A NOTED METHODIST DEAD.

Dr. Frey, Editor of the "Central Christian Advocate," Passes Away.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 6.—Rev. Benjamin St. James Frey, D. D., editor of the Central Christian Advocate, organ of the Methodist Episcopal church in the west, and one of the leading ministers of that denomination, died Friday of erysipelas following an attack of the grip.

(Dr. Frey was born in Rutledge, Tenn., in 1834, and graduated at Woodward college, Cincinnati. In 1857 he entered the ministry and after several years' pastoral service was elected president of the conference of the Sixty-third Ohio conference. In 1885 he was placed in charge of the Methodist Book Concern at St. Louis and conducted its business until he was elected editor of the Central Christian Advocate in 1892. His success was so marked that the general conference continued to reelect him to this position for twenty years. He served as a delegate to the general conference of 1894, 1895, 1896 and 1898. He was also a delegate to the ecumenical conference of the Methodist church, held at London in 1891 and at Washington city in 1891. Dr. Frey was the author of several biographical works and a frequent contributor to the best periodicals.)

Given Thirty-Six Years for Robbery.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Feb. 4.—Fred Newberg has been sentenced to the penitentiary at Jackson for thirty-six years for robbery. He, with Tom and Jim Goodin, all colored, entered a widow's house early one evening when she was at supper and forced her to give them \$12, all the money she had. The Goodins were convicted and are in jail awaiting sentence.

Tornado in Ohio.

CYONET, O., Feb. 8.—A tornado passed through the southern part of Wood county at 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon, unroofing houses, uprooting large trees, blowing down fences and oil derricks and doing damage to the oil tanks of the Standard and other oil companies. The loss in the vicinity of Cyonet is figured at \$7,000. No loss of life is reported.

Yellow Fever on Board.

NEW YORK, Feb. 5.—The steamer Bufton arrived at quarantine with yellow fever on board. After the vessel had left Santos, Brazil, the disease broke out in epidemic form and five of the crew died. Four seamen were lying in the ship's hospital when the vessel reached quarantine.

Cardinal Manning's Will.

LONDON, Feb. 5.—The will of the late Cardinal Manning was opened Thursday. It shows that he possessed less than £100, which was in consols, and a collection of books. This fact speaks louder than words in showing the benevolence of the cardinal. The will contains no statement of public interest.

The Clearing Houses.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6.—At the leading clearing houses in the United States the exchanges during the week aggregated \$1,219,874,432, against \$1,208,570,317 the previous week. The increase as compared with the corresponding week of 1891 was 11.1.

Jumped into the Ohio.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 5.—Meredith Stanly and his wife, both dressed in tights, jumped simultaneously from the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad bridge here, 100 feet, into the Ohio river yesterday. Neither were injured.

By the Electrical Route.

NEW YORK, Feb. 5.—Judge Van Brunt has sentenced Noah Richards, the negro who murdered Policeman John J. Sherman in this city, to be executed by electricity during the week beginning March 21.

Memorial Hospital Dedicated.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., Feb. 5.—The \$65,000 memorial hospital here was dedicated at noon. It was erected by the state flood commission.

OUR LAW-MAKERS.

Fifty-Second Session of the National Congress.

A Daily Summary of the Proceedings in the Senate and House—Bills Passed and New Measures Introduced.

SENATE.
WASHINGTON, Feb. 4.—In the senate yesterday a bill was introduced continuing for ten years all laws now in force prohibiting and regulating the coming into this country of Chinese persons. The joint resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution of the United States relating to marriage and divorce was discussed and the bill for the creation of a fourth judicial district in the territory of Utah was passed.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—In the absence of Vice President Morton yesterday the chair was occupied by Senator Mendenhall (Neb.), president pro tem. A bill was introduced for the erection of a monument at Put-in-Bay, O., to commemorate the battle of Lake Erie in 1813. The report of the committee on privileges and elections in the case of the Florida senators (declaring Mr. Call entitled to the seat) was adopted. Adjourned to the 8th.

HOUSE.
WASHINGTON, Feb. 4.—The house spent the time yesterday in the discussion of the rules.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—In the house yesterday the new rules were adopted. Resolutions were introduced directing an inquiry into the affairs of the World's Columbian exposition, and directing the committee on judiciary to make an investigation and report whether congress has the constitutional authority to appropriate money for the exposition.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—In the house yesterday bills were introduced to place a duty of one cent a pound on tinplate or tappers tin; to repeal, after July 1, 1893, the duty of four cents a pound on pig tin; providing for a patent on any new plant, fruit or flower. A resolution was introduced instructing the ways and means committee to report a bill for the admission of all agricultural implements free of duty. In the contested election case of Craig vs. Stewart, from the Twenty-fourth district of Pennsylvania, Craig (dem.) was given the seat. In committee of the whole the census bureau, its management and the extent to which it has been subordinated to political ends, were the subject of spirited discussion for two hours. A bill was passed appropriating \$115,514 for the subsistence of the Sioux Indians.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—There was but a small attendance in the house on Saturday. The day was set apart for the delivery of eulogies upon the late W. H. P. Lee, of Virginia. Mr. Meredith, the successor of Gen. Lee, was the first speaker, and he delivered a touching tribute to the deceased. At the conclusion of the remarks the usual resolutions were adopted and the house adjourned until Monday.

AN ABSCONDER CAUGHT.

A Mobile Defiant to the Extent of \$10,000 Admits His Guilt.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 6.—Joseph Calhoun, wanted at Mobile, Ala., on a charge of stealing \$10,000 from the Equitable Life Assurance Company, was arrested here Thursday. Until three weeks ago he was cashier and most trusted employee of the company. He was then \$10,000 short in his accounts and disappeared, leaving a note saying he was going to South America. Previously, however, a shortage of \$1,000 was found and he shot himself in his left eye. It did not kill him, and his friends made good the amount belonging to the company. He was given his old position. He acknowledges his guilt and attributes his downfall to fast life.

Mother and Children Burned.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Feb. 5.—A fire which cost the lives of three persons occurred at an early hour Thursday morning in the house of A. M. Lennig. Mrs. Lennig succeeded in escaping to the street in safety. Mrs. Lennig was suffocated and died before she could be taken out of the house, and two children were burned to death. Oil was found in several parts of the house, which leads to the suspicion of foul play.

A Pioneer Passes Away.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Feb. 6.—John Stewart, who was the oldest living pioneer of south California, died Thursday, aged 81 years. Stewart first came here in 1830, when he was pilot of the ship Alert. He was a shipmate of Richard Henry Dana, author of "Two Years Before the Mast," in which book he is frequently spoken of.

Forty Persons Drowned.

BRESTAU, Feb. 5.—Thirty barges were torn from their moorings by drift ice in the harbor, several of the barges sank, and forty persons were drowned, including many women and children.

Wills Howard Convicted.

LEBANON, Mo., Feb. 5.—Wills Howard, the notorious Kentucky desperado, who killed thirteen men in the famous Howard-Turner feud of two years ago, has been convicted of murder here and will hang.

Oldest Postmaster Dead.

KINGSTON, Tenn., Feb. 6.—Hamilton Gray, the oldest postmaster in the United States, died near here yesterday. He had served as postmaster at Gray's Hill since his appointment by President Polk.

Greek Steamer and Nine Sailors Lost.

LONDON, Feb. 8.—A Greek steamer, bound from Cardiff for Malta, has been lost on one of the Scilly islands. Fifteen of her crew were saved but nine are missing.

Reporters Can Attend Elections.

ALBANY, N. Y., Feb. 5.—Gov. Flower signed Thursday the bill which allows newspaper reporters to be present at electrical executions.

MINOR NEWS ITEMS.

For the Week Ending Feb. 8.

A light shock of earthquake was felt at San Jose, Cal.

Hamilton, N. D., was nearly destroyed by fire Friday.

The Western Farm Mortgage Company at Denver has failed for \$1,000,000. John Hoggan, who laid out the site of the city of Chicago, died at St. Louis Friday.

Frederick Zenner shot his sweetheart in New York and then took his own life.

Kansas democrats will hold their state convention at Leavenworth March 5.

It was decided to hold the Wisconsin prohibition convention at Madison May 31 and June 1.

Four newsdealers were fined \$25 and costs each for selling papers on Sunday at Pittsburgh, Pa.

Seth Dorsey, Henry Dorsey and a negro named Overton were killed by a falling wall at Glasgow, Ky.

The barb wire trust, which comprised all the barb wire plants of the country, has been dissolved.

Forty-eight contract laborers were returned to Europe from the immigration station at Ellis Island, N. Y.

During a quarrel at a dance near Silver Point, Tenn., two men named Anderson and a Miss Carr were killed.

Mrs. G. P. Barber died at Lake Harbor, Mich. She was a writer of wide reputation, known as "Faith Templeton."

E. Goddard & Son, millers at St. Louis, made an assignment with liabilities of \$150,000 and assets of \$97,000.

A fire in the architectural iron works of the Haugh-Ketchum Company in Haughville, Ind., caused a loss of \$120,000.

Mrs. Catherine Sharp, of Philadelphia, celebrated her 114th birthday, having been born February 5, 1778, in that city.

The supreme court of Oklahoma has sustained the "sooner" law ousting all settlers who entered land before the hour set by law.

The Austrian government has instructed all the frontier officials to stop all moneyless Jews seeking to enter Austria and Hungary.

Five deaths from "spotted fever" were reported from Dangerfield, Tex., and the people of the affected locality were greatly alarmed.

At Salt Lake Friday the liberal territorial convention adopted a memorial to congress protesting against the admission of Utah as a state.

Capt. W. E. Edwards, a prominent tobacco dealer of Louisville, was burned to death in a fire which destroyed the Central tobacco warehouse.

The Big Mine Run colliery at Ashland, Pa., which has been idle several months, will probably be abandoned. It furnished employment to 600 people.

From New York during 1891 were shipped 68,223,528 bushels of wheat. Of this 1,255 shiploads only twenty-five were carried under the American flag.

A negro in Todd county, Ky., charged with making insulting threats against white men, was taken from jail last night and beaten almost to death.

George W. Childs will attend the dedication ceremonies of the Childs-Drexel home for union printers at Colorado Springs, Col., May 12, the anniversary of his birth.

S. V. White and F. W. Hopkins, representing the firm of S. V. White & Co., stock brokers of New York which failed recently, were reinstated by the stock exchange Thursday.

Harry W. Shaw, on trial at Pottsville, Pa., for the murder of David E. Quinn, was found guilty of murder in the second degree. Shaw is 19 years old and showed no emotion.

Earthquake shocks at Omaha, Neb., caused a bank of earth to cave into the street, crushing a house and fatally injuring one of its inmates. Shocks were also felt in Portland and Astoria, Ore.

Se Seller, the ring blower of the Celina (O.) glass plant, made the largest roller ever turned out in the United States last week, 53 by 90 inches. He will try again for an exhibit for the world's fair.

Fatal Railway Collision.

WYOMING, Neb., Feb. 8.—A fast freight crashed into the rear of the Denver & St. Louis passenger train on the Burlington road near here Saturday, completely telescoping the rear coach, killing one man and severely injuring a woman.

The Failure Record.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6.—The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days number 319, as compared with totals of 297 last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 300.

Shot and Killed His Tenant.

DE SOTO, Mo., Feb. 6.—Joseph Hamel shot and instantly killed his tenant, William Bent, because the latter refused to return some farming implements that Hamel had loaned him. Hamel gave himself up.

Postmaster Since Polk's Time.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 6.—Hamilton Gray, the oldest postmaster in the United States, is dead, near Kingston. He had served as postmaster at Gray's Hill since his appointment by President Polk.

Reciprocity Treaty Concluded.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—The president has issued a proclamation promulgating a reciprocity treaty with the British West Indies, Trinidad, Windward and Leeward islands and the rest.

Rear Admiral Bryson Dead.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—Rear Admiral Andrew Bryson, United States navy, retired, died Sunday at his residence in this city in the 70th year of his age.

One of the Famous "308."

DECATUR, Ill., Feb. 6.—Hon. James W. Haworth, one of the 308 Grant delegates and a prominent Democrat, died Sunday.

WILL NOT RUN.

Secretary Blaine Not a Candidate for President.

He Declines to Allow His Name to Go Before the National Convention—Regard for His Health His Main Reason.

OUT OF THE RACE.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—Mr. Blaine is not a candidate for the presidency. He makes this official announcement in the following letter to Chairman Clarkson of the republican national committee:

"WASHINGTON, Feb. 6, 1892.—Hon. J. S. Clarkson, Chairman of the Republican National Committee.—Dear Sir: I am not a candidate for the presidency and my name will not go before the republican national convention for the nomination. I make this announcement in due season.

"To those who have rendered me their support I owe sincere thanks and am most grateful for their confidence. They will, I am sure, make earnest effort in the approaching contest, which is rendered especially important by reason of the industrial and financial policies of the government being at stake. The popular decision on these issues is of great moment and will be of far-reaching consequences. Very sincerely yours, JAMES G. BLAINE."

That a regard for his health has something to do with Mr. Blaine's decision is not unlikely. At present he is in excellent health, and his doctors assure him that he has no chronic trouble to fear. But he is not willing to undergo all the fatigues and excitement of a presidential campaign when he finds it necessary now to husband his strength. It is also said that it is the wish of Mrs. Blaine and the secretary's family that he refrain from a renewal of the strain, which was so great in 1884. It is true that the old malignant fight could not be fought over again, but the strain would be none the less. Since he became secretary of state Mr. Blaine has cared less and less for the powers of the presidential office with its infinite cares in the way of patronage.

If the office could be entirely dissociated from this and given over to public policy he might think more of it, but it has been an admitted relief for him in fulfilling the duties of secretary of state to be able to give his time to the great questions with which that department has to deal. Some time ago in talking to a friend he discussed the situation freely, saying in substance:

"I don't suppose any man who has once sought the office can truthfully say he doesn't care for it. I confess I would like to be president, but I will never risk my health and life in seeking it. The office of secretary of state is a broad enough field for me during the rest of my public career."

FUSION IN MICHIGAN.

Prohibitionists and People's Party Delegates Agree to Pull Together.

JACKSON, Mich., Feb. 6.—Representatives of the prohibitionists and people's party of the state held a secret session to discuss the advisability of consolidating the two parties. After a long and heated discussion, largely led by the temperance speakers, resolutions were adopted declaring the platforms identical and enjoining the people's party and its principles.

Iowa Democrats.

DES MOINES, Ia., Feb. 6.—The democratic state convention to select delegates to the national convention will be held in Council Bluffs May 11. The selection was made on the fourth ballot, the vote standing 8 for Council Bluffs to 4 for Davenport. The ratio of representation will be two for each county and one additional for each 225 votes cast for Horace Boies in 1891, making a convention of about 1,100.

Struck at a Crossing.

STAMFORD, Conn., Feb. 8.—While attempting to drive across the track of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad at the south branch crossing Frank Adams and his nephew Walter were instantly killed. The express from Stamford struck the carriage just as it reached the middle of the track and the men were dashed to pieces. Their bodies were terribly mangled.

Cable to the Bahama Islands.

NEW YORK, Feb. 5.—The work of laying a cable between New York and the Bahama Islands was completed Thursday. The first message of the Bahamas came to Messrs. Isaacs & Heinemann, of this city, from the senior member of the firm. It was sent at 2:10 p. m. and was delivered by the Western Union Telegraph Company inside of thirty-five minutes.

Gen. James F. Robinson Dead.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Feb. 6.—Gen. James F. Robinson died here Friday. Gen. Robinson was a well-known turfman, having been president of the Kentucky association for twenty years. He held the office of city treasurer of Lexington, at the time of his death.

Death of a Noted Indian Chief.

GUTHRIE, O. T., Feb. 8.—Information has just reached this city that To-Hee, the blind chief of the Iowa tribe of Indians, is dead. To-Hee was a descendant of the Black Hawk nobility. He has ruled the Iowa's since White Cloud's death.

Won Her Suit.



THE TWO VIEWS.

when you smile so sweetly up at me
Twas not a woman's wicked will
From which my soul should flee:
Could I be sure that all your grace,
Your saintly form, your radiant face,
Bore in their loveliness, no trace
Of artful coquetry;

Could I be sure that, day by day,
Your thoughts on me were bent;
That, were I near or far away,
Your life with mine was bent;
Could I be sure that, through the years,
Your faith would cling 'mid fortune's jeers,
Nor discontent, nor doubts, nor fears
Be in your bosom pent;

Could I be sure that in your eyes
Naught but the truth could shine,
And only woman's love arise
To pierce from them in mine;
Could I be sure that tongue or pen
Might never err in praising when
You were the subject, then—why, then
I'd be your valentine.

SHE.

If I could know that your soft words of praise
Touching my eyes and hair
Were not culled from some poet's tender lays
And used but as a snare;
If I could know you really had a heart,
And that you'd find it out if Cupid's dart
Should penetrate into that callous part
And stick and quiver there;

If I could know that men sometimes were not,
Despite the stories told,
Quite such a desperately wicked lot,
Sins, conceived, bold;
If I could know that you, for instance, would
Make some small effort to be fairly good
And treat me as in decency you should
When I grew wren and old;

If I could know that you would always be
The oak unto my vine;
That you'd repay my trust with constancy—
No just and wise in time;
If I could know you were a man of men,
And that no mortal tongue nor meddling pen
Might make you cease to love me, then—why, then
I'd be your valentine.

—Kirk La Shelle, in Chicago Post.



for where is the young man who has
not, at some time or other, yielded to
the wiles of the chubby little girl who
is supposed to deal in certain cruel im-
plements of warfare, working the cer-
tain defeat, in time, of each and every
one of us?

With the above exception, Jed Brown
was a most fortunate young man, for
had he not a palatial home and a rich,
kind, though somewhat testy old uncle,
who proposed to leave Jed all his earth-
ly possessions and who, meantime, be-
stowed all manner of kindnesses on the
young gentleman in question?

The exception above named, how-
ever, was a source of much discom-
fort to our hero. He was in love with
Miss Helen Davis, and, to the people
of Lenington, the town in which the
Browns and the Davises had lived
from Jed's earliest remembrance, this
explained all. For old Hiram Brown
had held a grudge against the Davises
for many years. He openly insulted
them by not recognizing them on the
street.

Strange to say, the Davis family did
not altogether return this feeling of
hostility. They regarded Mr. Brown
as a fussy old gentleman who was
easily angered, and the older members
of the family took little notice of their
neighbor's ways.

The youngest son, however, Tommy
by name, took upon his young shoulders
the task of revenging the wrongs
of his family, and many were the five-
cent pieces that old Hiram Brown en-
deavored to pick up from the dusty
street, only to find them so hot as to be
unbearable to the human touch, and to
see Tommy Davis' chubby, roguish face
peeping from an arched doorway or a con-
venient alley, while the shrill, high
laughter that issued from their hiding-
places proved to Mr. Brown, beyond a
doubt, that his performance had been
witnessed by more than one fun-loving
urchin.

At such times Mr. Brown would as-
sume all his dignity, and with a very
red face would walk rapidly away,
bringing his gold-headed cane violent-
ly down upon the pavement at every
step.

The first day of April was always a
great day for Tommy. On that day
the young scapegoat directed toward
the old gentleman all the mischievous
designs hitherto unknown to his latent
energies. But, as Mr. Brown could
hardly bring the might of the law to
bear on the deceiver of these subtle and
embarrassing tricks, he went on his
silent, irate way, hoping that the boy
would, sometime, grow away from his
misleading propensities.

Retaliation was the last thing to en-
ter Mr. Brown's mind, but to what
purpose it did, finally, take up its
abiding-place with the uncertain-tem-
pered old gentleman, we shall present-
ly see.

One bright morning in February,
Mr. Brown and his nephew were seated
at breakfast in the cozy morning room,
which was not the least pleasant fea-
ture of their luxurious home, the uncle
perusing the morning paper, while his
handsome nephew was busy with a
letter from his adored one.

"I write this to you because I dare
not say it," he read. "I can never con-
sent to become your wife against the
will of your uncle. Were it not for
him, I would gladly go to the ends of
earth with you."

As Jed read on, courage took pos-
session of his soul and he broke out,
calm enough without, but surging
within:

"Uncle, when will you give us your
blessing?"

"Give me my blessing? What do you
mean, lad? Are you about to make
your old uncle happy by settling down
in life, as a young man should?"

Jed was not surprised at this, al-
though he had always been somewhat
at a loss to understand why his uncle
was so anxious that he should marry,
when he himself was a bachelor.

Perhaps the hope of keeping his
nephew with him influenced the old
gentleman in this desire, for he loved
the ungrateful Jed, as he assured him-
self, he might have loved his own son.

"Who is the fortunate young lady?"
he bethought himself to ask, after the
first flush of his happiness was over.

Jed grew red and white by turns,
but he had resolved to face it out bold-
ly, so he put on a cool front and re-
plied:

"It is Miss Helen Dav—Davis, un-
cle."

To say that the old gentleman turned
purple in his rage would not be putting
it too strongly; indeed, Jed rushed for-
ward in some alarm, fearing that apo-
plexy had attacked his dearly-beloved
uncle.

"O, uncle—," he began, but Mr.
Brown waved him away.

"Don't speak to me!" he cried, when
at last he found words to utter his in-
dignation. "That child that—," but his
emotions again overcame him and he
retired to the library to recover him-
self, dropping his newspaper under the
table and his spectacles in the hall.

"It's all up with me now!" thought
Jed, and indeed it was, for that evening
his uncle called him into the li-
brary, and although he at first ex-
postulated with his nephew—but to no
avail—he ended by disinheriting Jed
for evermore.

"To make this doubly sure," he
added, his face ruddy with anger and
his hands clinched on the arms of his
chair, "to make this doubly sure, I my-
self shall marry!"

"Very well!" answered Jed, coolly,
and left him without another word.

Jed went straight to Helen and told
her all. When she still refused to be-
come Mrs. Jedediah Brown, he accused
her of wanting his uncle's money, but
a moment later threw himself at her
feet and implored her forgiveness,
which, it is needless to add, was
granted.

On the morning of the fourteenth of
February Jed strolled into the library,
for his uncle had deferred the day of
his nephew's departure until his own
marriage, and Jed lingered, hoping
that the old gentleman would relent.
Not that he cared so much for the
property, for he was a strong, manly
young fellow and felt, with the confi-
dence of youth, that he could easily
earn enough for two; but he loved his
uncle too dearly to wish to part from
him in anger.

He dropped into the huge leather
chair which always stood before the

"What on earth!" he exclaimed, when
it suddenly struck him that there was
an amazing resemblance between the
caricatured face and that of Tommy
Davis. At that instant light dawned
upon him, for there, on the table, lay
two envelopes, one directed to "Miss
Abigail Robins," and the other, in the
same stiff, old-fashioned hand, to
"Master Thomas Davis, Center street."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Jed, as he lay
in his chair. "Going to get even with
the young scapegoat at last, is he?
Well, that's good. Ha, ha, ha!"

Suddenly an idea entered his head
and, knowing his uncle's forgetfulness,
he acted upon it at once, and placing
the missives one in each envelope, he
fell back into his lounging attitude
just as his uncle entered the room.

"Got any mail to post?" asked Jed,
carelessly. "I'm going down the street
presently."

His uncle glanced hastily at the table
and a look of relief came over his face
as he noticed that the envelopes not
only contained the communications that
he had prepared, but lay, face
down, upon the baize top of the table.

"Not!" he answered, testily, at the
same time sealing and stamping the
envelopes. Jed watched him as he
waddled down the street and deposited
his letters in the nearest mailbox.

"That's all right," thought Jed.
"Now for developments!" and he hasten-
ed off to see Helen.

Little Tommy Davis peeked his
mouth up into a round o and sent forth
a sharp shrill whistle.

"My eyes!" he said, "if that doesn't
go ahead of anything I ever see!" and
he danced around the room on one
foot. Then he sat down to read, for
the fifth time, a letter which he had
just received. For it was St. Valen-
tine's day and he had already opened
a number of suspicious-looking en-
velopes.

The red legs that protruded from his
knickerbockers were gravely crossed,
and Tommy, with wrinkled forehead,
traced the lines of the letter with one
mischievous forefinger.

"Will you consent to be—" he read.
Then he looked at the envelope again.
But all he saw was "Master Thomas
Davis, Center Street," in the same stiff
hand.

"Hiram Brown thinks he's smart!"
he finally ejaculated. "I'll show him
to write me such stuff as this, mean
old codger! He's mad at me 'cause I
tripped him up with a string last
April Fool," and Tommy chuckled at
the thought.

Just then his sister, a fair, womanly
girl, entered the room.

"What's the matter, Tommy? Got a
bad valentine?"

"I sh'd say I had!" granted Tommy.
"Just read it," and he disdainfully
tossed it to Helen.

"O, that isn't so very bad," she said,
laughing. "You had better let me
keep it. It might make Mr. Brown
some trouble." But a new thought
entered Tommy's malicious little head,
just then.

"Not much!" he cried, and he
snatched the letter and danced out of
the room before Helen could prevent it.

Down the street to Miss Abigail
Robins' store he ran as fast as his pudgy
little red legs could carry him, and in
between the two short counters, where
he found Miss Robins, so indignant
over what appeared to be a comic
valentine, that she hardly saw him.

His eye fell on the valentine and his
face lengthened. He saw it all now,
and, flinging the letter down on the
counter, he cried, angrily:

"Take your old valentine! He got
'em mixed, I know!" and was off like a
shot.

That very afternoon, Miss Robins
locked her shop door and, arrayed in a
"sleazy" green silk dress, sought the
residence of Hiram Brown.

"Marry him?" Of course she would,

"Wait a moment, dear Miss Robins, (as
if she had the slightest thought of
leaving!) I will speak to Jed. Some
prank, probably."

But when Jed came he denied writ-
ing such a letter, and asked to see it.
"Uncle's writing—uncle's writing,"
he murmured, loud enough for Miss
Robins to hear.

And Miss Robins? She fairly jumped
up and down in her rage.

"Send such a picture to a poor, lone
woman like me," she shrieked. "And
then deny the letter you wrote. I will
sue you for breach of promise, you
old sneak!" she screamed. "I certainly
will!"

"Jed, Jed!" whispered his uncle,
hoarsely, drawing him to one side.
"Get me out of this and I will do any-
thing you want—anything!"

"I will on one condition, uncle—and
one only."

"Dear, dear!" moaned the old gen-
tleman. "It's a little rough, Jed, to re-
sist upon conditions, when I'm in such
a fix."

"Can't help it, unk," returned Jed,
coldly. "You've been hard on me. Just
say that Helen and I can marry, and
I'll shoulder the whole business."

"If it was anybody but those Davis,
Jed, I wouldn't care."

"If it was anybody but Helen I
wouldn't care, either. But as it is her
I must insist."

"Well, Jed—do the—best you can
for me with that vinegary-faced spin-
ster and I'll surrender."

"Miss Robins," said Jed, returning
to the old maid and feigning much em-
barrassment, "it was all a mistake. I
must say that I did write 'em, though
it did seem like adding to the richness
of the joke to throw it off upon uncle.
I'm sure I'm sorry, but—"

Here Miss Robins, with an angry
snort, flounced out of the room. Jed
turned to his uncle.

"Didn't I do that neatly?" said he.
"And now, uncle, no backing down
on your part. Helen and I must marry
as soon as she will name the day."

"All right, Jed; but if it was anyone
but those Davis I'd—"

"Yes, but you will, anyhow, unk.
You'll never miss it, and it will set us
up for housekeeping. The whole
scheme is immense."

So they were married, and Uncle
Brown came down so handsomely that
it is quite probable Helen's first kiss
upon her wedding morning had re-
moved his unreasonable prejudices
against "those Davis."—Mattie O.
Campbell, in Yankee Blade.

GRANDMOTHER'S VALENTINE.

The Recollections I Brought to the Dear
Old Lady's Mind.

Bessie Day was up in the attic of
her grandmother's house in the coun-
try. Mrs. Day was looking among
some boxes for bits of velvet for the
soft cushion that Bessie was making,
and her bright-eyed little granddaugh-
ter was busy with her in the search.

Presently Bessie opened a box that
stood in a corner of the attic.

"O grandmother," she exclaimed,
"this one is full of pictures!"

"Let me see," said the old lady. She
came and looked into the box; then she
sighed a little, though her smile was
sweet, as she said:

"They are pictures your grandpapa
gave me when we were children to-
gether. I think his first valentine to
me is here. You may look if you
like."

Bessie sat down on the floor beside
the box, and took out the pictures one
by one till she came to the very last.

"There it is," said Grandmother
Day, with a lovely pink tinge in her
cheeks.

It was a faded, childish drawing of a
little boy and girl. The boy was offer-
ing the little girl a four-leaved clover,
and she was standing, shyly looking
down at her clasped hands.

"Isn't it funny?" laughed Bessie.
"Does it seem so to you, my dear?"
said her grandmother, taking the pic-
ture and looking at it with much ten-
derness.

Bessie's laugh died away, and her
own eyes filled as she saw the tears
shining in the old lady's eyes. Her
grandfather had died long before she
was born, and this was her first real-
ization of the love and grief that were
still alive in his wife's heart. She
jumped up and threw her arms
around her grandmother's neck and
kissed her.

"It's so sweet," she said, "to think
that dear little boy is grandpapa, and
that little girl is you!"

Grandmother Day wiped her eyes.
"It's the first thing he ever gave me,
and it's his own drawing," she said. "I
think I'll take my valentine down to
my own room. It's sixty years, Bessie.
Come now, dearie, we'll find your vel-
vet scraps."—Youth's Companion.

A VALENTINE.

I care not that the snow lies deep
Upon the world about;
The hidden flowers they lie asleep,
And dream, and never doubt
But spring shall come again, and set
The blossoms in the vine;
The faithful year shall not forget
Her Valentine.

I care not that a thousand miles
Keep me and mine apart;
For, when upon this page she smiles,
And gladdens in her heart,
Like spring, the sun returns to me
And cheers these eyes of mine.
My sweetheart promises to be
My Valentine.

Be still my heart, and like the flowers
Hid underneath the snow,
Dream on, and soon the sunny hours
Shall wake you dreaming so;
And when the summer stars above,
Drip with their dew divine,
The flowers shall come, and, with them, love
And Valentine.

Frank Dempster Sherman, in Demorest's
Monthly.

A CATTLE FUNERAL.

The "Wild Cattle" of the Plains Mourning
Their Dead With Violence.

To observe or participate in a cattle
funeral, let the curious-minded go out
upon the range, select some spot which
is open and affords no obstruction to
the view, and from which not a "crit-
ter" is in sight.

Having selected such a spot, let one
of the aforementioned "critters" be
brought quietly and secretly from a
distance and without undue ostentation,
as becomes ponchors upon another
man's range, let him be done to death.

Let the offal be secreted where even
the coyotes can not find it, and let the
hide and flesh be carried carefully
away. Then let the earth be thrown
on the blood stains to hide all traces of
disturbance and let all this be done so
well that even the human eye can de-
tect nothing that would reveal what
had been done.

Then let twenty-four hours, or ever
less, pass, unless, indeed, there be cat-
tle within a mile or less at the time of
the slaughter. But for purposes of il-
lustration suppose that twenty-four
hours have elapsed.

Then suppose a bunch of 100 or 200
head of cattle come drifting down over
the range to leeward of the spot where
the slaughter of the day previous oc-
curred. The leader of the bunch may
be two or three miles, perhaps farther,
from the scene of blood. Suddenly he
commences to show signs of uneasiness.

Though the grass be deep and luxuriant,
he only feeds a few moments continu-
ously, lifting his head and tossing his
horns as if his enemy was near. Sud-
denly there is a strong puff of wind,
and as the nostrils of the leader inhale
the air a transformation occurs like a
flash of lightning. He halts, throws his
muzzle into the air and then emits a
most unearthly, prolonged, weird
moaning shriek or bellow. It is like
none of the various noises made upon
other occasions, but has a tone that is
all its own and which is evidently well
understood by the entire herd.

With another shriek, which can be
heard for a mile and even farther, the
leader breaks into a run, with his tail
in the air and with his head shaking
angrily from side to side, followed by
all the members of the herd, each add-
ing to the volume of sound that now
fills the air. As other animals feeding
quietly at a distance hear the peculiar
sounds they, too, pick up their ears, their
with answering shrieks they gallop
wildly toward the excited band and
join it in pursuit of the leader.

The animal quickly arrives at the
tell-tale spot. He sniffs at the ground
meanwhile, lashing his sides with his
tail, and bellowing continually in a
manner that suggests the height of
rage. His eyes flash wildly, the froth
drops from his jaws and flecks his neck
and body. He paws the ground angrily
with his hoofs, and by dexterous twist-
ing manuevers to cast great masses of the
earth into the air and upon his back.

The others come racing up and crowd
closely about the spot where their mat-
ter was slain. An inner circle was formed
by the excited animals, with their
heads all pointing to a common center
and those bellow and paw the ground
and race around and around until ex-
hausted. Meanwhile, the others are cir-
cling rapidly about the central cluster
and finally displace the earlier arrivals
whereupon they, too, go through the
same performance.

The scene is a terrible one. Horns are
clashed against horns, the bellowing of
the angry animals is deafening, the air
is filled with dust, the beasts seem ac-
tuated each by some particularly ma-
lignant spirit, and their actions appen-
prompted almost by human understand-
ing.

Woe to the unfortunate curiosity
seeker who chancies to be abroad on
foot upon such an occasion. If he have
any "cattle sense" at all he will put at
wide a space as possible between him-
self and the mourners, or if he be desirous
of studying the spectacle he will climb
the nearest tree or seek some other
point of vantage inaccessible to the
maddened beasts.

If, on the other hand, he should be
lacking in common sense as to be un-
able to recognize the apparent signs of
danger and should approach too closely
to the angry herd, his awakening to the
peril will be sharp and sudden. Some
angry beast will catch a glimpse of him
and, recognizing in him the responsi-
bility for the shedding of blood, will
lower his head and, with a snort of de-
fiance, make a wild charge for the ob-
ject of his bovine wrath. If that object
escapes with his life he will, indeed, be
fortunate. Even a horseman has been
known to have had anything but a
pleasant half hour from an encounter
with a funeral party of this character.

The news of the death of a comrade
seems to spread with the rapidity of the
telegraph, and fresh relays of mourners
constantly arrive, keeping up the
strange spectacle for hours at a time,
nor ceasing until the shades of night
descend.

Occasionally the scene of bloodshed
will be discovered by some wandering
"critter" who has that portion of the
range to himself temporarily. There
may be no other cattle within two or
three miles, yet the lone mourner will
commence the procedure already de-
scribed, and within a quarter or half an
hour will have been joined by others,
while inside of an hour there will be a
dense mass of excited cattle on the
spot, and from the range in every di-
rection others will be seen hurrying to
the scene.—San Francisco Chronicle.

THE CANOLE-FISH.

A Wonderful Provision for Lighting the
Homes of the Far North.

Of course where it is night people
must have some sort of light to see by.
Among us, lamps, gas and so on, are
used. But what do you suppose people
do where there is nothing of this kind?
Why, in some places they use one thing;
in others, another. In Alaska and other
far away lands to the north all they
have to do is to set a canole-fish on fire,
and they have a good, clear light, which
will last more than an hour.

The canole-fish is about ten inches
long, and somewhat the shape of our
slender smelt. It is very fat, and just
the thing to make a lamp of. The
natives fasten it in a rude kind of
candle-stick, made of strips of white
oak, and set it on fire. They light it at
the head, and it burns steadily away
down to the very tail.

Of all the queer ways to make a lamp
to read or sew by, I think this is the
quickest. Nature seems to provide al-
most everything needed by the people
in the place where they live. The can-
ole-fish is so oily that it can not be
preserved even in alcohol. The nights at
the far north are very long, and if it
were not for this fish the people would
be most of their time in entire darkness.
—Our Little Ones.

A Parable for the Times.

An ostrich one day found a bald head
lying on the grass, and, not noticing
that it belonged to a sleeping middle-
aged gentleman who always sat next to
the orchestra in the theater, took it to
be an ostrich egg and determined to
hatch it out at once. The big bird was
sitting quietly on the supposed egg and
making plans for the education of the
little ostrich soon to be born, when, all
at once, there was hatched out, not a
little ostrich, but a blonde chorus girl,
dressed in lilac tights and a green belt.

MORAL.—This fable is intended to give
a dim and nebulous hint of the varied
and fanciful appointments which often
stock the interior of a sedate and philo-
sophic cranium.—Jury.

—Abduction became so common in
England in the reign of Tudor princes
that a statute was passed on the sub-
ject, and this was followed by an act of
Elizabeth, which took away the benefit
of clergy from the offender and it was
not until so late as the reign of George
IV that the crime ceased to be a capital
offense and punishable with death.

"Now, Charlie," said Mrs. Norris
as she saw her son start off with his
new bicycle, "I can only say, like the
Spartan mother, 'return either with
your wheel or on it.'"—Kate Field's
Washington.

My Bessie's Eye.
The darts which Cupid once let fly
When love's fierce war began
Aren't it with my Bessie's eye,
For that's a Galling gun.

—Buffalo Evening News



SHE FAIRLY JUMPED UP AND DOWN IN HER RAGE.

library table and, unconsciously, his
eye fell on a letter which lay open, so
that he took in its import before he
knew it.

"DEAR MISS ROBINS," it ran.
"Will you consent to be my wife as soon
as possible?"

This was certainly short, but, of Jed's
knowledge of Miss Robins, he came
to the conclusion on the instant that it
would seem sweet to her vision.

"Poor old gentleman!" he muttered.
"He has always kept himself shut up
in this musty library, and knows about
as much of Abigail Robins as a spring
chicken. Poor uncle!"

as soon as ever he wanted her to. She
had not powdered and crimped and
curled all these years for nothing, it
seemed. Rich old Hiram Brown had—
ahem! fallen in love with her, and had
actually proposed! She would not
trust to the fickle mails, but would
answer this delightful question in per-
son.

But when Mr. Brown saw her, vine-
gar-faced old thing as she was, he was
attacked by something very like stage-
fright and, for the first time in his life,
prevaricated.

"I—I—" he stammered. "Are you
sure I wrote it? Changed letters, you
say—probably done as a joke on your-
self and Tommy Davis, (the little
rascal)" he muttered, in an undertone.

WALL PAPERS.

J. J. REARDON & CO. has on exhibition for the season of '92 as fine a line of papers as can be shown in America.

PAPERS

from 20 cents to \$1.00 per double roll.
We make a Specialty of Ingrain.
Samples sent to outside parties on application.

MR. HENRY BENEDICT'S
EXPERIENCE
In Two Life Insurance Companies.

BENEDICT & CO.
First Clothing Manufactory.
Cor. Grand Ave. and Fourth St.
MILWAUKEE, MARCH 1st, 1890.
To the NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

GENTLEMEN:—To say that I am surprised at the wide difference in dividends between your excellent company and the New York Life on two EXACTLY SIMILAR POLICIES which I carry in both companies, is drawing the case very mildly indeed. The following is a complete record for seven years:

Northwestern, Cash Dividends,	\$692.62
New York Life, " " "	327.07
Difference in favor of the Northwestern,	\$365.55
Being \$38.48 more than double.	

As no good company can object to having its dividend records placed before the public, you are at liberty to use this letter as you may think best. I have as you will see, very good reasons for regret at not taking your agents advice which was to place all of my insurance in the Northwestern. I hope others will profit by my experience. Yours truly,
HENRY BENEDICT.

HOBART & CAMPBELL, DISTRICT AGENT,
OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN.

E. RITZMAN, TAILOR,

Removed to the Building formerly occupied by Wolcott, the photographer—two doors North of Irvin Gray's new store.

New Spring Suitings—The Latest.

Goods to suit everybody. Come and inspect the Finest Assortment of Foreign and Domestic Suitings to be found in the city. Remember the Place.

Brown St.—2 doors North of Gray's.

F. C. HENRICI, MERCHANT * TAILOR.

Best Fitting Suits and the Best Goods for the Lowest Prices, that can be found in Rhinelander. All Work Warranted. Shop opposite the Giant Sleigh Manufacturing Co.'s Factory, Rhinelander, Wis.

Globe Barber Shop and Bath Room

CHAS. NAYLOR, Proprietor.

Hair Cutting, Shaving, Shampooing, etc., done in first-class order, as none but the best of workmen are employed. A hot or cold water bath can be secured at a very reasonable price, and satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a call and be convinced.

DAVENPORT STREET. RHINELANDER, WIS.

Central Market, STEVENS ST.

JAS. GLEASON,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

MEATS, PROVISIONS, FISH AND GAME.

Our customers can rely upon securing good fresh meat, fair treatment and as low prices as it can be sold for. We solicit a share of the city trade.
Market next to C. O. D. Store. RHINELANDER, WIS.

LOCAL TIME TABLES.

MILWAUKEE, LAKE SHORE & WESTERN.
NORTH BOUND.
No. 3—Limited.....11:15 P. M.
No. 13—Accommodation.....1:15 P. M.
No. 15—Accommodation arrives.....3:00 P. M.
SOUTH BOUND.
No. 16—Accommodation.....1:15 P. M.
No. 11—Accommodation.....10:45 A. M.
No. 4—Limited.....11:40 P. M.
W. E. ASHTON, AGENT.

Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie R'y
The Short Line East to Gladstone, South St. Marie and all Canadian and New England points and WEST to Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie and all points.

TRAINS WEST.

No. 2—Passenger.....10:25 P. M. through
No. 8—Passenger.....7:25 P. M. local
between Pennington and Cameron Junction.
No. 21—Freight.....3:30 P. M.

TRAINS EAST.

No. 56—Passenger.....7:27 P. M. local
between Pennington and Cameron Junction.
No. 1—Passenger.....3:12 P. M. through
No. 20—Freight.....7:27 P. M.
Close connections made at Pennington with M. & W. R'y for all Lake Superior points, and at Trout Lake with D. S. S. & A. R'y for Mackinac and all lower Peninsula points.

Miss Lena Jewell is visiting relatives in Antigo.

Charley Barnes and Miss Grace are now in New Mexico.

The state board of insurance adjusters are in the city to-day.

John Dumbuck is now firing on the Lake Shore switch engine.

A daughter was born at the home of Michael Langdon January 30th.

The Lake Shore road will sell tickets to St. Paul via Ashland for \$7.05.

Miss Mary A. McKinnon, of Detroit, is a guest at her brother's, A. J., for the balance of the winter.

Oscar Becker has gone to Antigo to take a fireman's run. It is likely that his family will remove to that place soon.

Simaneky desires all bargain hunters and general purchasers to watch out for the announcement of bargains galore, as soon as his new goods arrive.

Brown & Robbins' new mill in Michigan is cutting an average of about sixty thousand in eleven hours, which is remarkably good work for a new mill.

Saturday evening will be a merry one for the maskers. Geo. O'Donnell and Pete Lavin give a masque ball at the Rhinelander Opera House and H. A. Johnson gives one in the Grand.

A. M. Rogers, who is now running the Giant Sleigh Works, alone, reports orders for their excellent make of sleighs still unfilled, although it is late for them to be ordering. The general repair work of the shop keeps up to the ordinary rush in that department.

Hugh Rodgers is talked of for mayor of Tomahawk. There are a good many Rhinelander men who would like to go to Tomahawk and give Hugh a boost. He is likely to need all the help, at hand, as it is quietly whispered that Bradley's influence will be again him.

The local Grand Army Post desire to have the public remember that they are to give their annual masque ball on Washington's birthday, Feb. 22. The affair, like its predecessors, will be conducted to the end that all who attend will thoroughly enjoy the evening.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Annis died this morning. It had been sick with whooping cough nearly all winter and during the last few days symptoms of spinal meningitis appeared. Two other children at this home are dangerously sick with lung fever.

B. P. Edwards & Co., the flour and feed dealers, have sold out to G. W. Spaulding, of Appleton, who is now running the business. Edwards & Co. have done a large business, and would have had no difficulty in making a good thing out of it, had they possessed the necessary capital to carry loggers and other large purchasers of provisions. They were supplied largely by Spaulding, who was in the milling business at Appleton, and Mr. Edwards, rather than take the chances of becoming insolvent through doing a large business on a small capital, turned the stock over to Spaulding.

Northern Wisconsin is to be settled up with newly imported Russian Jews. The great Baron Hirsch has sent thousands of Jews to the new world, and he now intends to fill up Northern Wisconsin with them. The plan is to purchase thousands of acres of timber land in Langlade, Ashland, Oneida, Taylor, Lincoln and Marathon counties with Baron Hirsch's money. The Russian Jews are to be brought here and the land sold to them at cost, \$4 per acre. Each Jew will be given forty acres, and will pay over the price of another forty when he is able. Bernard Gross, of Madison, and Henry Goldman, of Milwaukee, the Wisconsin representatives of the Baron, will explore the counties above named in a few weeks and report to Baron Hirsch himself. It is said that Ashland will be the headquarters for the move in Northern Wisconsin. It is expected that 30,000 Jews will be placed in the woods of Northern Wisconsin.

THE CRISP POLICY.

The Democrats Prepared to Make Free Silver the Leading Issue.

Among many ciphers Mr. Bland is a significant figure. The meaning of many appointments by Speaker Crisp may be questioned, but Bland means free silver. If there were any doubt about it, the other names on the coinage committee would remove that doubt. Of the thirteen members five democrats and one republican voted for free coinage last year, and three new men, Eppes (dem.), of Virginia; McKeighan (farmers' alliance), of Nebraska; and Johnson (rep.), of North Dakota, are reckoned as sure to vote for free coinage. If the two republicans should stand with their party for the measure adopted last year, the six democrats and one farmers' alliance member would still constitute a majority.

So we are to have a free-coinage bill reported as soon as possible, Mr. Bland declares, and doubtless passed by the house. In the senate the prospect is against such a bill, and yet, in view of the formal action of alliances in some states, it might have a majority. But the business world is undisturbed, because it has faith in President Harrison. He stands like a rock for sound money, and no one imagines that he would consent under any circumstances to sign a bill for unlimited coinage of silver. His latest message holds that the country ought to give fair and full trial to the silver act passed last year. If the president sends in a veto it will be a powerful argument and a ringing appeal to the friends of honest money. Beyond a doubt it will be sustained by the senate. Then a sharp issue will be made for the next presidential campaign, which is just what the Crisp democrats want.

Their tactics make silver the main issue next year. They see that the farmers' alliance will make democratic success impossible in several southern states by running a third ticket unless the main body of alliance voters, namely, those who are fanatically anxious for more money, can be drawn to the democratic side by some positive act. A vote for unlimited coinage followed by a vote, these democrats reason, would capture for them the sympathy of so many alliance men at the south that no third ticket would be run unless where it would do democrats no harm. On the other hand, they reason that the alliance republicans at the west who want more money, and particularly free silver, will go back to their old party in a body, unless a sharp issue is presented on which their sympathies are with the democrats. The hope is to win their vote, or at least to hold them in opposition to the republicans by forcing the silver issue upon the country.

To keep the south and to win anything at the west, according to this theory, a free-coinage bill has become an imperative necessity. It is not expected to become a law, in fact, the help of many democratic members is expected on the ground that the bill cannot become a law, and so their votes can do no harm and they run no risk while helping their party to success. It is needless to discuss the honesty of such a policy. It is plainly the policy which the Crisp democrats are going to force upon the party if they can, and there is no doubt that it will command a large majority of votes in the house.

What the country has to say to these men is simply the direction spoken of old to Judas: "That thou doest, do quickly." Let not long debate and uncertainty prostrate business throughout the land. The prospects of trade and industry are now exceptionally bright. A long contest about the silver question would almost inevitably shake confidence and arrest business. Play the political game quickly if it must be played. Make the harm to business as brief and little as possible. Send the bill to the senate in a single day; what is the use of congressional debate about it? The senate ought to be able to act, on a question exhaustively discussed last year and then decided, without delay or talk. If the bill goes to the president at all he will not take weeks or even days to make up his mind what to do, congress may be sure. The republican party is exceedingly willing to meet this issue before the people. All it has to ask is that the industries and trade of the country shall be harmed as little as possible while the question is pending in congress. After that the democrats will see how wise they have been.—N. Y. Tribune.

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LOUIS STERN, Prop.

Headquarters for Choice Fruits, Confectionery, Vegetables, Oysters and Fancy Groceries.

—A SPECIALTY IN—

Pastry Baking and Ice Cream for Parties and Entertainments. All orders will be promptly filled and delivered to any part of the city if desired.

JAMES G. DUNN'S

City Dray Line.

Will attend promptly to any business in that line.

J. E. CLANCY, ARCHITECT.

Plans and Estimates for Residences and all classes of buildings. Correspondence promptly answered and no charge made unless plans are accepted.

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The "Soo" and O. F. W.
ARE OUR SPECIALTIES.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

MEAT,

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DEALER IN

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Etc.,

Repairing and Engraving Neatly Done.

Carry a full stock of the best make of watches in the best gold and silver cases at very low prices.

Store in Fausts' Block.

Rhineland, Wisconsin

Harness!

J. H. Schroeder,

BROWN STREET,

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Light and Heavy Harness,

And all Goods in my Line. Repairing done promptly and in a satisfactory manner. Orders from Lumbermen given special attention.

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Day and week board at reasonable rates. A first-class house in every respect. Headquarters for Michigan men.

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—First-class Hotel in Every Respect,—

Headquarters for Commercial Men. First-class Sample Room. Rates \$1.50 per day.

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CAPITAL, \$50,000.

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Sell exchange on all European countries. Tickets to and from Europe on all steam boat lines.

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ADAMANT,

WALL PLASTER,

Fire Brick & Clay,

Cements of all kinds, Hard and Soft Coal, Wood, Etc.

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My Stock is Complete and my Prices Reasonable. Your Patronage is solicited.

An expert embalmer and funeral director in readiness at all times. Call before purchasing.

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Provision Depot!

Is always stocked with reasonable goods. The best butter, eggs and everything usually found in a provision store. Potatoes at wholesale or retail. Give us a call. Brown street.

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Wine, Liquor and Cigar

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Stoltzman Block, Rhineland, Wis.

My goods are the very best, and I can supply customers at Chicago and Louisville wholesale prices.

Fine California Wines a Specialty.

Give me a call and sample goods and prices.

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The Best of Carriages and Horses on hand day or night. Careful drivers furnished when desired. Moderate charges. Give us a call.

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